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BEFORE SLEEPING.

Now is the dead of night, and I must sleep ;

But first, my soul, if thou dost aught recall

Wherein thou hast done ill, I bid thee weep.

And pray God's tender mercy on thee fall ;

Purge thyself clean of whatso bitter hate
Thou hast for them that wrong thee ;

sink thy pride,

Nor deem thou standest in a higher state
Than those whom God thy happier
chance denied.

Be all for heaven ; think life draws near
the close ;

Give to repentance thy last conscious
breath ;

For more and more this mortal weakness
grows

That pledges thee to take the form of
death,

And sleep a while. What if in dreams the
door

Of life should shut, and thou return no
more ?

(Good Words.)

CARYL BATTERSBY.

IRISH SONG.

(Air : "What shall I do with this silly old man?")

WHEN Carroll asked Kate for her heart
and a hand

That controwled just a hundred good acres
of land,

Her lovely brown eyes

Went wide wid surprise,

And her lips they shot scorn at his saucy
demand :

"Young Carroll Maginn,

Put the beard to your chin

And the change in your purse, if a wife
you would win."

Then Carroll made Kate his most illigant
bow,

And off to the Diggins lampooned from the
plough ;

Till, the beard finely grown,

And the pockets full-blown,

Says he, "Maybe Kate might be kind to
me now !"

So home my lad came,

Colonel Carty by name,

To try a fresh fling at his cruel ould flame.

But when Colonel Carty in splendor steps
in,

For all his grand airs and great beard to his
chin,

"Och ! lave me alone !"

Cried Kate, with a groan,

"For my heart's in the grave wid poor
Carroll Maginn."

"Hush sobbin' this minute,

'Tis Carroll that's in it !

I've caged you at last, thin, my wild little
linnet."

THE AUTHOR OF "FATHER O'FLYNN."
Spectator.

LES ROSES DE SADI.

THIS morning I vowed I would bring thee
my roses,

They were thrust in the band that my
bodice encloses,

But the breast-knots were broken, the
roses went free.

The breast-knots were broken ; the roses
together

Floated forth on the wings of the wind and
the weather,

And they drifted afar down the streams of
the sea.

And the sea was as red as when sunset un-
closes,

But my raiment is sweet from the scent of
the roses,

Thou shalt know, love, how fragrant a
memory can be.

ANDREW LANG.

DEAR child, thou knowest, I blame not
thee ;

Thou too, I know, hast shared my smart.

Neither did wrong ; 'twas only she,

Nature, that moulded us apart.

But not to have sinned, in Nature's eyes,
I find a brittle plea to trust ;

She punishes the just unwise

More hardly than the wise unjust.

She placed our souls, like Heaven's lone
spheres,

In separate paths, no power can move ;

O truth too heart-breaking for tears !

Not even Love, not even Love !

LAURENCE BINYON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LORD WOLSELEY'S MARLBOROUGH.¹

BY GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, G.C.B.

IT has for long been known that Lord Wolseley has been engaged upon a life of Marlborough, and that he has had access to all papers and private documents connected with the career of that great man. The appearance of the work has, therefore, been looked for with much interest; and the two first volumes of it—which are now before the public—although they relate to the first half only, and that the darkest one, of that varied story, will fully bear out the high expectations formed in regard to it.

There is no life of Marlborough approaching it in dramatic interest, minuteness of detail, and excellence of literary execution. Much as we had always admired Lord Wolseley's great talents, we had no conception before of his power as a writer.

There is so much of novelty, so much of interest, in the work, that it is a very difficult one to review; and we can only pretend, by a few extracts, to give a general idea of the great value of its contents.

In the early part of the first volume there are many interesting anecdotes illustrative of the state of society, and especially of female society, in the middle of the seventeenth century. To these we will presently allude.

Speaking of the old home of Ash, Lord Wolseley says:—

Standing on these garden steps, the threshold of Marlborough's forgotten birth-place, what heart-stirring memories of English glory crowd upon the brain! Surely the imagination is more fired and national sentiment more roused by a visit to the spot where one of our greatest countrymen was born and passed his childhood, than by any written record of his deeds. This untidy farmhouse, with its neglected gardens and weed-choked fish-ponds, round which the poor, badly clothed boy sported during his early years, seems to recall his

memory—ay, even the glory with which he covered England—more vividly than a visit to Blenheim Palace, or a walk over the famous position near the village of Hochstadt, on the banks of the Danube. The place, the very air, seems charged with reminiscences of the great man who first drew breath here (i. 11, 12).

Lord Wolseley draws an amusing picture of female virtue at this time:—

There is a wide gulf between our standard of female virtue and that of the Restoration epoch. This is brought home to us by the fact that an upright, God-fearing gentleman like Sir Winston Churchill should have wished to see his only daughter established as a maid of honor at a court where Charles II. was king. But in those days it was no slur upon a lady to become the mistress of a prince; nor did her family suffer in reputation. Lord Arlington, in a letter of advice to the beautiful Miss Stewart, refers to the position, which he thought she had accepted, of mistress to Charles II., as one to which "it had pleased God and her virtue to raise her." It is said that the parents of Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, sent her originally to Versailles, in the hope that Louis XIV. would thus favor her. Sir E. Warcup records with pride, in one of his letters, that his daughter, a maid of honor to Queen Katherine, was one night and t'other with the king, and very graciously received by him. The mistress to a royal prince was courted by all who had access to her. Other women envied her good fortune, and her family looked upon her as a medium through which court favors, power, and lucrative employment were to be obtained. In allusion to the statement that Marlborough owed much of his success in early life to his sister Arabella, Hamilton, who knew thoroughly the French and English courts, writes, "*Cela était dans l'ordre.*" In common with others of his time, he assumed that the favorite of the king's mistress, and brother of the duke's mistress, was in a fair way to preferment, and could not fail to make his fortune (i. 35, 36).

No one will understand this period who does not realize this remarkable, but true, picture of female virtue in the upper classes then. As Lord Wolseley says further on: "Modesty, the old outward sign of feminine virtue, was

¹ The Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, to the Accession of Queen Anne. By General Viscount Wolseley, K.P. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

no longer reckoned an inward grace, and even regard for common decency was stigmatized as prudish. Chastity was held up to scorn, and faithless husbands made faithless wives."

It so happens that all the incidents in Marlborough's life which are of a shady character, and which have been greedily seized upon by that numerous class whose delight it is to blacken the character of great and public men, occur within the period embraced in these volumes

Lord Wolsley has most carefully gone into all these incidents, and, while anxious to do the best he can for his hero, has always stated the facts as they appear against him with scrupulous impartiality.

The charges against Marlborough are four. The first is that he accepted money from the Duchess of Cleveland, the king's mistress, with whom he had an intrigue; the second, that he deserted James; the third that he was a traitor to William; the fourth, that he disclosed to the French the plan for Tollemache's attack on Brest.

It will be most convenient to examine these charges in succession.

We will first give Lord Wolsley's picture of him as a young man. Marlborough, he says,

was tall, and his figure was remarkably graceful, although a contemporary says, "*Il avait l'air trop indolent, et la taille trop effilée.*" His bearing was noble and commanding, and one who particularly disliked him tells us that "he possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them." He adds that his manner was irresistible either to man or woman. The truth was, he knew how to be all things to all men. Kings, courtiers, and private soldiers alike were captivated by his gentle demeanor, his winning grace. He understood court life thoroughly, caressed all people with a soft, obliging deportment, and was always ready to do good offices.

Such being the man, it is not to be wondered at that he soon became the intimate friend of the exquisitely beautiful Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, one of King Charles's many

mistresses. Of her Lord Wolsley says:—

She was the most inconstant of women, and had lovers of all degrees, even whilst openly recognized as the king's mistress. She was a gambler and a spendthrift, imperious in temper, and far from wise. Her cousin, Mrs. Godfrey—sister of Marlborough's mother—was the governess of her children by the king, and is said to have designedly thrown her handsome nephew, John Churchill, in her way. The result was, as anticipated by the lady, an immediate intrigue between them (i. 68, 69).

I. Having now cleared the way and put the pieces on the board, we come to the first charge against Marlborough, which is thus stated by our author:—

Churchill spent the winter (1673) at home, and again fell a victim—doubtless a willing victim—to the wiles of his kinswoman, the Duchess of Cleveland. Extravagant in her style of living, she squandered on every passing whim the large sums of money bestowed on her by the king. Her young lover, Jack Churchill, was poor, and she is said to have been most liberal to him. She had purchased for him the position of gentleman of the bedchamber to the Duke of York, and she is supposed to have now bestowed upon him, as a new mark of her affection the sum of £4,500; but the authority for this statement is the Earl of Chesterfield, who never lost a chance of repeating any gossip that told against the fame or reputation of the man whom he disliked. But whether the duchess did or did not supply the money with which the annuity was purchased in 1674, it is certain that Churchill came into possession of it about this time. The ordinary courtier of the period who had suddenly found himself in possession of so much money, would have gambled with it, or spent it on some form of pleasure. But this strangely constituted young man was already thinking more of the future than of the present. Bitter experience had taught him the miseries of poverty, and he determined to purchase an annuity, so that, come what might, he should at least feel himself above the daily sting of want. The money was accordingly handed over to Lord Halifax, who, in consideration thereof, settled £500 per annum upon him for life. . . . Want of money had engendered in Churchill that strict attention to economy from which parsimony is so often bred.

Long-practised frugality degenerates easily into penuriousness, and that again into miserly habits of avarice. It did so in this case (i. 131, 132).

Having now clearly stated the case against Marlborough, Lord Wolsley takes up his defence thus :—

Books have been written with the express purpose of proving that, however great Marlborough may have been, he was a monster of ingratitude, and only rose to power by low and infamous methods. That he should take money from the woman he intrigued with is often denounced as the worst and most ignoble action a gentleman could be capable of. But this was not the opinion entertained of the transaction by his contemporaries. It was regarded as quite natural that a handsome young soldier should be selected by the mistress of the king as one of her lovers, and that, penniless as he was, she should make him large presents. . . . Throughout this intrigue with Barbara Palmer he did nothing more than was done by many others — by Monmouth, for instance, who, when an exile, lived chiefly upon the bounty of his mistress, Lady Wentworth. Yet Monmouth has not been held up to everlasting obloquy. No English gentleman of to-day would act as Marlborough and Monmouth did ; but their conduct was not regarded at the time as either disreputable or unusual, and it is by contemporary law and custom that we must judge them, and not by our own code of morality and honor (i. 132, 133).

This is the best excuse that it is possible to make for Marlborough's conduct on this occasion, but we cannot consider it satisfactory. It implies a complete inversion of the position of the sexes to one another ; and it ever must, at any time and in any age, have been a most degrading thing for a gentleman to assume the position of a paid prostitute.

II. We come now to the second charge against Marlborough — that he deserted James.

This [says Lord Wolsley] was the great turning-point in his life. Actuated by lofty motives, and in what was to him a sacred cause, he was breaking away from the patron of his boyhood, the friend of his

mature years. He, a Cavalier, was becoming a traitor, in the common acceptation of the term, and throwing in his lot with his king's greatest enemy. James and Churchill alike suffered for their steady adherence at this epoch to the faith that was within them. One lost his crown, and died in exile, the despised dependant upon the bounty of a foreign sovereign ; and the other, though he lived to be the foremost man in Europe, died detested and vilified by the nation which he made great and famous (ii. 42).

Upon this point Lord Wolsley's opinion is that, as a soldier, Marlborough's conduct was utterly unjustifiable, but that, as a statesman, he acted for the good of his country.

From a military point of view, it is impossible to acquit Marlborough of desertion in 1688. Although he was not then in James's confidence, and held no military command, still, as a favorite of many years' standing, and as a courtier who had been most in his secrets and had been promoted by him to high honor, we must be painfully impressed with Churchill's ingratitude and heartlessness. His conduct was in the highest degree treacherous and deceitful ; and it is revolting to think of him and other officers travelling with James from Windsor to Salisbury, and showing him all outward marks of loyalty and obedience, while they were in league with his enemies to betray him on the first favorable opportunity. To hold daily converse with the man whom they were seeking to destroy, and to act towards him as if they were still his faithful servants, implies a depth of baseness and treachery which are all but diabolical.

It must be freely admitted that during the ten years between 1688-1698 Marlborough's career was sullied with acts which in the present day would place him beyond the pale of society, and which furnished Swift and Macaulay with ample materials for condemning him. But the real question is, Had Marlborough the public good in view when he deserted James, or was his conduct inspired by motives of personal ambition ?

There is no practical standard by which the conduct of great men of action can be measured. Patriot leaders have generally been unscrupulous as to the means they employed to secure their aims. Thus, without attempting to extenuate or excuse the

gravity of his military crimes, the point to be considered is, whether in a supreme national crisis his duty to his country did not outweigh and override his duty as a soldier? In 1688 Marlborough was something more than a mere soldier owing military obedience to his sovereign in all things. He was a power in the country. The time was one of intense excitement, religious as well as national. The forces were evenly balanced, and Marlborough's influence, into whichever scale it should be cast, would decide the issue. The question he put to himself was, Should he remain faithful to James, and rivet, perhaps forever, the yoke of despotism and popery upon the neck of the English people, or should he, by transferring his allegiance and service to William, set them free?

As I read history, England owes him a debt of gratitude for the calculated deceit which marked his desertion, because it enabled William to accomplish his carefully planned plot without bloodshed. Had Marlborough stood by James as Feversham did, the Revolution could not have succeeded, if indeed it would have been attempted; and beyond all doubt he fully appreciated the gravity of the step which he was about to take (ii. 82, 83).

We have quoted Lord Wolseley's remarks upon this, the most important act of Marlborough's life, in full, because we have never seen the case so clearly and incisively stated, and so justly; in no way palliating his infamous and treacherous conduct as a man, but pointing out the political advantages it conferred upon his country. Happy are those who live in times when they are not called upon to choose between such divergent courses.¹

III. We now come to the third charge against Marlborough—that he was a traitor to William.

This seems to be clearly established. Lord Wolseley says:—

As early as January, 1690-91, Marlbor-

¹ A more severe view of Marlborough's conduct at this time is taken by my father, Sir Archibald Alison, in his "Life of Marlborough." He points out that what was most unjustifiable in Marlborough's conduct was his retaining his position and places when he took this step. Had he laid these down first, and then, as a private individual, joined William, no one could have blamed him. See Alison's *Life of Marlborough*, i. 12-17.

ough wrote to James to implore his forgiveness and to assure him of his future devotion and loyalty. Whilst William was absent in Holland struggling with selfish, short-sighted allies to arrange a common plan of campaign against France, Marlborough, Godolphin, Halifax, Russell, Mordaunt, Sunderland, Caermarthen, and Shrewsbury, all began to intrigue with James. They expressed heartfelt contrition, and begged for pardon, and Marlborough especially seemed sincere in his repentance. He strove to persuade James that he was truly sorry for his past conduct, and endeavored to make him believe that he sincerely wished to see him restored to the throne. . . . In this treasonable correspondence Marlborough professed to regard his past conduct towards James as so reprehensible that he did not ask to have his confidence or to share Jacobite secrets. He only humbly begged to be made use of in any way that his former master might deem advisable (ii. 227, 228).

In spite of all this, Lord Wolseley is of opinion that Marlborough never seriously desired to see James established again in England, but merely sought to hedge against the contingency of the exile's restoration. Yet James, writing in 1691, says in his memoirs:—

He [Churchill] laid open that prince's designs both by sea and land; which, concurring with what the king had from good hands, was a great argument of Churchill's sincerity (ii. 229).

Lord Wolseley thinks that James was never really convinced of Marlborough's repentance; but that,

Although the poor exile did not believe in Marlborough's protestations of penitence and loyalty, he was not in a position to reject any proffered aid. The result was that he gave both Marlborough and Godolphin a full pardon in his own handwriting, and Mary of Modena endorsed it with a few pleasing sentences. Marlborough, having thus secured what he had so basely plotted for, felt that, come what might, he was at least safe from the block, and his children from poverty. In the following month he declared that he was the most penitent of men. He enlarged upon the sincerity of his remorse for "his villainies to ye best of Kings, and y^t it would be impossible for him to be at rest till he had in

some measure made an attonement by endeavoring (though at the utmost peril of his life) to restore his injured Prince and beloved Master." He wrote to James "that he was so entirely to his duty and love to his Majesty's person, that he would be ready with joy upon the least command to abandon wife, children, and country to regain and preserve his esteem" (ii. 230).

What a picture of plotting and treachery this is ! How sad it is to see a great man come down so low !

IV. We come, lastly, to the fourth of the great charges against Marlborough — that he disclosed to the French the plan for Tollemache's attack on Brest, thereby causing its failure with heavy loss. Lord Wolseley thus states the case : —

This [1694] was the year of our disastrous repulse before Brest, for which Marlborough has long been held primarily responsible. For nearly two centuries it has been repeated as an historical fact that the destination of the expedition sent against the place was first betrayed by Marlborough to St. Germain, and that it was in consequence of the information given by him in a letter of the 4th May this year that Louis XIV. placed Brest in the condition of defence which caused the attack to fail. In considering this charge, it is essential that the reader should remember its wording. The charge is not merely that he communicated with James upon the subject before the attack came off — for of that there is no doubt — but that he was the *first* who did so, and that it was in consequence of the information he gave that the French king had Brest so well prepared that the attack upon it was repulsed with great loss to the English. If, therefore, it be conclusively proved that the preparations were the result of information obtained by Louis from others previous to the date of Marlborough's letter, then this charge falls to the ground (ii. 304, 305).

What led to the Brest expedition was this. After the battle of Cape La Hogue, the French fleet kept within its fortified harbors ; but single ships of war and privateers were frequently sent out to prey upon our merchantmen, and they made great havoc of our English commerce. To stop this,

William came to the conclusion that the only way was by a combined naval and military force to capture the most obnoxious of the French stations, and he chose Brest to begin with. A force of about seven thousand men, under the command of General Tollemache, was accordingly told off for this duty. The plan decided on was to land the troops on the narrow neck of land which separated the roadsteads of Cameret and Brest, and so isolate the port itself. Every effort was made to keep this project dark, but without success. When the attempt was made, everything was found to be prepared and ready for defence, and both the troops who landed and the attacking squadron were defeated with heavy loss. It was evident that the French had received full information. The question that arises then is, Who gave, or gave first, the information which enabled the French to be reinforced in time to meet our attack with success ?

It appears from decisive evidence that Louis XIV. knew of the proposed attack on Brest as early as April 4 ; for, in a letter from him to Vauban on that date, he says that he "had learned from several sources that an attack on Brest is intended by seven thousand British troops, and the combined navies of England and Holland," and he goes on to direct Vauban to proceed thither and take the command.

Now the paper containing Marlborough's information, which reached Louis XIV., was one from General Sackville, the Jacobite agent in London to Lord Melfort at St. Germain, which runs in these terms : —

May 4, 1694.

I have just now received the enclosed for the king. It is from Lord Churchill ; but no person but the queen and you must know from whom it comes. Therefore, for the love of God, let it be kept secret even from Lord Middleton. I send it by express judging it to be of the utmost consequence for the service of the king my master, and consequently for the service of his most Christian Majesty. You see by the contents of the letter that I am not deceived in the judgment I form of Admiral Russell ; for that man has not acted sin-

cerely, and I fear he will never act otherwise.¹

The enclosure is in French, and is from Marlborough. Translated, it runs thus :—

It is but this day that it came to my knowledge what I now send you ; which is that the Bomb vessels and the twelve regiments now encamped at Portsmouth, together with the two marine regiments, are to be commanded by Talmach, and are designed to burn the harbor of Brest, and to destroy the men-of-war there ; this would be a great advantage to England ; but no consideration can, or ever shall, hinder me from letting you know what I think may be for your service ; so you may make what use you think best of this intelligence, which you may depend upon as exactly true (il. 312, 313).

It also appears that Floyd, groom of the bedchamber to James, who was in London early in May, received from Godolphin the information that

Admiral Russell would certainly appear shortly before Brest, which the military officers deemed open to attack, though the sailors were of a different opinion. Floyd's information was laid before Louis at Versailles on May 1, so we are justified in assuming that it was about April the 15th or 20th when Godolphin told Floyd this. It is thus beyond all doubt that the French king, even through this channel, was in possession of the so-called secret at least a week before Marlborough's letter of May 4 could have reached him (il. 311, 312).

The general result of this is, that positive information was given to Louis as to the impending attack on Brest by two separate people—one Marlborough, the other Floyd, a regular Jacobite agent ; and that of the two, Floyd was able to inform Louis a week before Marlborough could do so. But this is no justification whatever of Marlborough ; for it was only by accident, not his fault, that he was anticipated in his treachery by another.

It is clear, however, as shown above, that independent of this authentic in-

formation Louis XIV., as early as the 4th April, had learned "from several sources" that an attack on Brest was impending.²

We have now gone through, in some detail, the four great charges that have been brought against Marlborough. It cannot be said that out of any of them he has come forth scathless. But much may be pardoned to a man placed in the difficult position in which he was, surrounded by every kind of temptation, and living in an age when the principles of honor were relaxed to an extent of which we have now, fortunately, no conception.

No notice of Marlborough's life would be complete which did not include some account of his celebrated wife Sarah.

Of this very remarkable woman Lord Wolseley gives a full and excellent account. We extract some of its best passages :—

As a child Sarah Jennings had frequently resided at court, when her elder sister Frances was in waiting upon the Duchess of York. During these visits to St. James's, Sarah became the playmate of the Princess Anne, her junior by nearly five years. An attachment soon sprang up between the two girls, and Anne loved to have Sarah constantly with her. Sarah also attracted the notice of Mary, the Duke of York's second wife, who was only two years her senior, and whilst still quite a child became maid of honor to that beautiful but unhappy princess. . . .

Though less lovely than her elder sister, Sarah was still radiant with beauty, and possessed a graceful figure, and great power of fascination. Numerous portraits enable us to admire her distinguished but scornful style of beauty : "there was sweetness in her eyes, invitation in her looks," wrote Sarah's most scurrilous assailant. Sir Godfrey Kneller has recorded for us her small, regular features so full of life, her pretty mouth expressive of disdain, her slightly turned up nose with its open, well-shaped nostrils, her commanding air, the exquisite pose of her small head, always a

¹ "The authenticity," says Lord Wolseley, "of this letter is denied—by some because the original of neither Marlborough's nor Sackville's letter has ever been found ; but the circumstantial evidence is too strong to admit of doubt" (il. 313, 314).

² The arguments on this point will also be found well stated in that very interesting book "Paradoxes and Puzzles," by Mr. Paget, as early as 1861, pp. 20-25.

little inclined to one side, her lovely neck and shoulders, and her rich, straw-colored hair, which glistened in its profusion as if sprinkled with gold-dust. . . . Over those with whom she talked she exercised a charm, a fascination, that held them enthralled as much by her graceful wit as by her seductive beauty. But the adorer who worshipped at her shrine was, without knowing how, soon made aware of the imperious temper that smouldered within her, always ready, if stirred, to burst forth as from a hidden volcano, and annihilate the offender. Her portraits, however, do not convey this idea, and no one could imagine from them that so stormy a spirit lay hidden beneath such a lovely exterior.

Her education had been much neglected ; but, like many clever people brought up at courts, where all that is wittiest as well as most learned is to be found, she had acquired more practical knowledge than was possessed by many classical and philosophical scholars. In conversation she was bright and quick, although on paper she expressed herself in long, involved, and often ungrammatical sentences. . . . She had never been taught arithmetic, and yet she contrived to master the most complicated accounts by some curious process of her own.

To draw her character is no easy task. As she was when a girl, so she remained as a mother, as Queen Anne's favorite, as wife to the greatest man of his day, and in old age as his widow. Neither time nor increased knowledge of the world ever changed or in any way softened her. She was essentially an unimaginative, unimpressionable woman, with no illusions about men or about events either human or divine, and without sentiment of any kind except perhaps where her husband was concerned. His love for her was deep, pure, unselfish, and passionate. All his letters, meant for no eye but hers, breathe the same lover-like devotion. They make the reader feel that, from first to last, his one great dread was that she might cease to love him. She did love him sincerely, but in her own haughty and tiger-like fashion. There was nothing demonstrative about her affection, but such as it was she gave him her whole heart. In most of the relations of life they were both egotistical and covetous, yet their marriage was absolutely uninfluenced by mercenary considerations. Their mutual attachment was stronger even than their undoubted worldliness (i. 163-165).

Both have been accused of venality, but, Lord Wolseley contends, without any great cause. For at that time, he says :—

No person with places at his disposal made any more scruple of selling them than of receiving his settled salary or the rents of his estate ; and it was a matter of common notoriety that secretaries of state, as well as cornets of dragoons, bought and sold their commissions.

Nevertheless, as Lord Wolseley adds :—

Her [Sarah's] love of money is undoubted, a taste which she shared with her husband. To amass wealth was a pleasure that increased with her years. . . .

Hers was no meek heart, and she had little reverence for God or man. No belief in revealed religion or dread of future punishment restrained her will or influenced her conduct ; she seldom mentioned religion except to scoff at it, and it was only from a contempt for Romanism, and from an intense hatred to priestcraft, that she spoke and wrote of herself as a Protestant. True but not tender, she lived for forty-four years with her husband as happily as her domineering temper would have allowed her to live with any one. But she never shared his strong faith, nor allowed him to exercise any influence over her mind in spiritual matters. She seems to have died as she had lived, ridiculing all belief in God and immortality (i. 173).

We have no space to go into the very interesting account which Lord Wolseley gives of Monmouth and his rebellion. This is the only considerable military event which comes within the range of these volumes. It is very well and very clearly written, and gives a good omen of what we will have from him in his concluding volumes, which will have to do mainly with the great and immortal campaigns of this accomplished soldier.

We can make but one extract more—that which describes the night after the decisive battle of Sedgemoor :—

Slowly the stars died out in the cold flush of dawn, and still the battle raged ; but in the growing light both sides began to realize that Monmouth was defeated. When at last day broke with that cold, pitiless light which immediately precedes

sunrise, crowds of the poor beaten rebels could be seen streaming back towards Bridgewater. Lord Grey's cavalry had disappeared, but a fierce fight still raged on the fatal banks of the Bussex Rhine. There the bulk of Wade's and of another rebel battalion still clung undaunted, and, using their scythes and mining tools, fought as only desperate men will fight in religious cause. They found themselves deserted by their comrades and by the Horse that should have protected their flanks, hard pressed as they were by the Life Guards and Churchill's Dragoons. This hopeless but gallant struggle was brought to an end at last by a determined attack of the Grenadier companies of the Guards and Dumbarton's regiment. About three hundred of Monmouth's bravest followers fell in that charge, dying for an unworthy leader in what they believed to be a holy cause (i. 333, 334).

We envy Lord Wolseley the task which now lies before him. In these volumes he has traversed much that is shady, much that is painful, in Marlborough's checkered career; in those which are to come he has to narrate the great and bright portion of his life—those glorious campaigns in which he established his right to take his place on the list of the greatest commanders of any age or time, as the worthy companion in arms of Cæsar, Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington.

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THE DEAN OF KILLERINE.

BY THE ABBE PREVOST.

1765.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

PART NINTH.

I KEPT to my resolution of following Fincer and his daughter into Denmark, and on awaking I began to make preparations for the journey. I debated with myself as to whether I should or should not inform my brothers of this step, notwithstanding their declaration that they would have nothing more to do with me. I dreaded to see them in their present state of mind, lest they should insult me, or use vio-

lence; so I decided to write each one a note, alluding vaguely to my plan, and requesting an interview. I gave these notes to my man Joe, and I trusted that the zeal with which I was about to undertake on their behalf a dangerous journey might plead in my brothers' hearts for my justification.

Joe came back in less than an hour with the tidings that they would neither see me, nor open any of my letters. Lord Tenermill had told him this in person, Patrick had sent his message by a servant.

I grieved for the result, but I saw in it only another incentive to do my duty. Having ascertained with certainty that Patrick was living in Mademoiselle de L——'s house, I trembled for his honor and his virtue.

I decided at last to open myself in part to the count and countess, hoping thereby to gain some light on the various difficulties that combined to perplex me. My arrival caused a sudden bustle in their house, for Lord Tenermill, who was with them, had horses at once put to his chaise, and started for Saint Germain, that he might not meet me.

The count and countess seemed much moved at seeing me so agitated and unhappy. They told me that Tenermill had been almost beside himself on hearing of the flight of Fincer and his daughter, but that Patrick had seemed to think that it might open his way to happiness.

"But," I said, with faltering voice, and with tears in my eyes, "can you blame me for having done what the laws of God and men both declared to be my duty? Could I have done differently?"

They answered with some embarrassment that it was not for them to judge; that both parties were so dear to them that they could not take either side. This showed me that I could not look for their support in any step that I might take displeasing to my brothers.

"You may be right," I said to the count, "but how can you lend your countenance to vice and infamy?"

How can you have allowed Patrick to follow Mademoiselle de L—— to her own house, and to take up his abode there?"

The count answered me coldly: "The information that you ask for we have promised not to give you; you yourself would wish the secret kept, if you knew." But seeing me much agitated, he added: "There is no stain upon the lady's character. You had better ask your brother to tell you his secret."

After that my one thought was how to gain admittance to Mademoiselle de L——'s house, and to see Patrick. I was sure that by my exhortations I could force him to speak.

I went on foot, and unattended. I found no difficulty in getting in. The servants were perfectly polite, only none of them seemed willing to take me to my brother.

Then I asked for his valet. The man was the same faithful servant who had incurred his displeasure in Ireland, but I had brought him over to France with me, and made his peace with his master. He came forward, but seemed even more alarmed at sight of me than were any of the others. He whispered to me, however, to follow him into a room apart, where he said to me: "You must not be offended at us. Our orders are that no one is to see our master—yourself in particular. But your Reverence may be sure," he added, "that though he is at present not inclined to meet you, he loves and honors you with all his heart, and the only reason for his estrangement is that he is engaged in something that he fears you may not approve. But I venture to assure you you would be fully satisfied with his conduct if you knew with what propriety and self-restraint he has behaved. I suppose," he went on, "that I ought to keep my promise to my master, and to tell you nothing, but it seems to me best to let you know what I know."

Then he told me that his master and Mademoiselle de L—— had been married the very same night I had last seen them at Les Saisons.

I was about to exclaim that that only made their conduct the more shameful, but the honest valet interrupted me. "Hear me," he said. "After what occurred in your presence, my master felt that he had better avoid any meeting with Mr. Fincer. He drove to Paris with Mademoiselle de L——, but he stayed only a few minutes with her in her house, because she was unwilling they should remain alone together. Later he saw Lord Tenermill, and learned from him what had passed at Les Saisons, and that Mr. Fincer and his daughter had set out for Denmark. My master demanded from his lordship the papers containing the consent of the lady to the divorce, the approval of the king, and the consent of the bishops. As he returned to Mademoiselle de L——'s house he met Joe with a note from you, and read it in great anger. His interview with Mademoiselle de L—— seemed very exciting. At length he appeared to overcome her scruples, and they set out together for Saint Germain. They reached the château about midnight. They found one of the two bishops whose approval they held in writing, and he married them at once in the king's own chapel, having offered very few objections.

It took some hours to draw up the proper papers, and put everything in legal form; and day was beginning to break when they returned to Paris. My master ordered the carriage to wait before the door, and with his new wife entered the house, when she told me to call together all her menservants. We found her surrounded by her women. Then she told them that as she was going away from her house for some time she wished them all to look upon my master as their master, that she put everything she had into his hands, and that she depended on them all to serve him faithfully. Then she and my master re-entered their coach, attended only by myself and an old woman, who had nursed her in her infancy. We drove to the new convent of English nuns, and as she brought a letter of introduction from the bishop

who had married her, she was received by the mother superior with open arms. My master spoke of her repeatedly as his wife, and at parting, kissed her for the first time."

Such was the valet's story. He implored me not to let his master know that he had told me anything. It was important, he said, that Fincer should not know the place of Mademoiselle de L——'s retreat, but at the same time it seemed desirable he should be informed that Patrick was legally remarried, that he and his daughter might be convinced that any further pressure of their claims would bring them only exposure and dishonor.

I could not but blame Patrick and Mademoiselle de L—— severely for their unseemly haste in this matter, for both knew that Sara Fincer's consent had been wrung from her by violence, but I did not like to find fault with the king, nor with the bishops. They had had no means of knowing the true state of the case. But now that the marriage was accomplished, it seemed to me that Sara's real consent should be given to the divorce, and that was what I now hoped to obtain from her.

All this I did not tell to Patrick's valet, but I was more and more resolved to set out for Denmark. I promised the servant not to betray his confidence, and he told me he should not let his master know that he had seen me.

No doubt in all this will be seen that my loving care for my two brothers triumphed over personal resentment at their ungrateful treatment. In my zeal to serve their interests, I had forgotten their contumely.

I went to the residence of Count S—— at once, and informed him and his countess of my intended journey. The count applauded my intentions, but said he hardly hoped my intervention would produce any good results, while the countess represented to me forcibly, the danger I might run from the violence and rashness of a man like Fincer. Both told me that his behavior to his daughter had been that of a savage. That when she objected

to leaving Paris he had threatened to kill her, and that he had sworn furiously at her because she could not dry her tears when he ordered her to cease weeping.

"You had better," said the count and his wife, "let things take their course, without interference." But as I had made up my mind to undertake the journey, the count assisted me by drawing me out a travelling route, for he had been often on that road on military service.

I took no servant with me but Joe, and I followed in Fincer's track, intending to go first to Cologne, and then make my way to Denmark.

We were near the frontier, and were at a post-house changing horses, when Joe came up to the carriage, and whispered to me that he had just seen Fincer in the courtyard, and having made inquiries, he had found out that he had passed there a few days before, but that, on reaching the frontier, he had turned back, and was now proceeding with all speed to Paris.

This news greatly alarmed me. I resolved to follow him as closely as I dared, and judging that whatever it was that took him back, he was no doubt furiously angry — indeed Joe described him as being so — I thought it might be more prudent to follow the advice of the count and countess, and not intrude myself upon him with news that might exasperate him still more.

I felt that Heaven had befriended me in letting me know that he had turned back, before I had gone further on my journey, and I followed him as closely as I dared till we both entered the gates of Paris. I had sent Joe on before, and he had a coach waiting for me at the post-house. With my face concealed, I slipped into it from my travelling carriage. I caught sight of Sara Fincer sitting in one corner of the waiting-room in the post-house, with her two maids. Her father was awaiting the return of a servant he had sent upon some errand; when he returned they all got once more into their carriage. I in my hackney coach followed

them at a distance. They drove into the street in which Mademoiselle de L——'s house was situated, and where Patrick was living. I was in an agony of fear, apprehending an encounter between Fincer and my brother, but their carriage drew up at a house opposite to Mademoiselle de L——'s, where they got out, and were received as if they were expected. I left Joe to watch what would happen next, and drove to the count's house with this strange news.

Before night Joe, hanging round the door of Fincer's house, had scraped acquaintance with his servants, and found out that when Fincer and his daughter (I dare no longer call her my sister-in-law) quitted Paris, they had left a trusty servant to watch Patrick's movements. He knew of the marriage at Saint Germain, though he knew nothing of Mademoiselle de L——'s retirement to a convent, and with this news had overtaken his master on the frontier. Fincer, inflamed with rage, had at once turned back to take revenge on Patrick for the dishonor done his daughter.

His first measures were more like farce than tragedy. He clad his daughter's servants in our livery. He hired a carriage, and had our arms painted on its panels; he sent daily in his daughter's name (calling her by her title as the wife of an Irish nobleman) to enquire after Patrick's health; and he hoped in this way to rouse the curiosity of the neighborhood, and make Parisians understand that Patrick was the husband of two wives, and at least, that the one living under the same roof with him was not his lawful spouse.

Fincer's measures produced, however, little effect. The neighbors seemed to take no notice. Paris was too large a place for foreigners, even of our rank, to be generally known, and the public showed no disposition to interest itself in the wrongs of Fincer.

Meantime, Patrick lived in close retirement in Mademoiselle de L——'s house; rarely going out, unless, with great precaution, he visited that lady at her convent. There they talked over

the situation, and agreed that the best thing they could do would be to go together as man and wife to Germany, and take up their residence there, till Fincer's wrath had subsided, and their affairs could be arranged. Mademoiselle de L—— spoke German; she knew the country; she was a Protestant, and her money was so invested that there was no need for her to watch over it in France. She was as eager for this step as Patrick, and she urged him to settle everything that she might speedily depart.

Though Patrick was very careful not to let any of us know anything of this decision, he called from time to time on the count and countess. He spoke of Fincer, and of his methods of annoyance, but seemed to me to think too lightly of danger to be feared from him. In vain I tried to give him good advice, and to inspire him with some of my own fears. He had become willing to tolerate my presence when he visited the count, and even to permit me to join in their conversation, but he would not listen to my admonitions, and appeared to wish to have as little as possible to do with me.

I had causes to dread Fincer which I would willingly have imparted to him, had he given me the opportunity. The very day after he reached Paris Joe had discovered that he went to see one of the leading lawyers in the city. I went there myself the day after, and, without letting him know that I knew Fincer had been to see him, I laid our case before him with fictitious names. He at once said he knew all about it, and told me that he could not undertake our cause, having been already retained on the other side. Yet he thought himself at liberty to tell me that if the matter came into a French court the authority of the king of England, and of English bishops, would have very little weight; that Fincer was ready to swear that his daughter's consent was not voluntary; that similar cases had been decided in a manner unfavorable to us in French law courts; and finally he warned me that he thought Fincer was a dangerous enemy, that

whether we gained or lost our cause, he was a man whom we should dread.

Alas! Patrick would give me no chance to tell him this. My sad experience had made me aware of how little account was anything that I could say about prudence, honor, and virtue. In spite of what the lawyer told me, I still put confidence in the influence, if not in the authority of our king and bishops. I knew that other lawyers, who had been consulted on the case, had given favorable opinions, and I resolved, as I could not warn Patrick, to take things into my own hands, and bring back peace and happiness to my family.

I resolved to see Sara, to urge on her all I had had in my mind to say to her during my late journey. Joe told me that he learned from Fincer's servants that their lady was ill, that she had not left her bed since she reached Paris, that doctors were constantly in attendance, and that she would see no one. Nevertheless, by my orders, Joe watched an opportunity when Fincer was out, to return to the house, and tell the servants he had met their master in the street, who had charged him with a message he was to deliver personally to their lady.

He was allowed to see her. He found that she was eager to see me. It was arranged that I should be informed the next time her father was absent, and, though my visit might expose me to great risks, I should be sure of a few minutes' conversation.

The next day I was sent for accordingly. I felt deeply grieved to see how ill Sara appeared to be. She stretched out her hand: "Come and tell me," she said, "whether you still feel pity for my sorrows? You never ill-treated me, but I thought I should have found you more devoted to my interests. You have grown cold to me; and yet I cannot believe," she added, "that you really took part in that horrible conspiracy. Am I to think you my friend or one of those who wish my ruin?"

It was easy to justify myself by telling her the simple truth. But dread-

ing lest the return of Fincer should cut short our interview I began to question her as to the designs of her father.

"Alas!" she said, "reduced to despair as I have been by my husband's indifference and cruelty, I am still agitated by anxieties on his account." Then she told of her father's fury against Patrick, and of his violent behavior to herself. When he first heard of Patrick's marriage at Saint Germain, his rage was so great that he vowed to Heaven that the insult could only be washed out in blood. If too old to fight him himself, he would hire some one to murder him. He was so full of this project that Sara, fearing for her husband's life, and unable to calm her father, had offered, if he would give up all such schemes, to marry Tenermill. But this offer he rejected as coming too late.

On returning to Paris, and consulting some lawyers, he began to think that his best plan might be to take revenge by legal means, instead of by murder. He planned to ruin Patrick by public exposure, and he was now, she said, busy with several distinguished men of law in getting up his case.

I hoped Sara would have told me something of herself and her own views of the situation, but everything she said was vague. Over and over again she asked me for my pity.

I had been struck by the fact that she had offered of her own accord to marry Lord Tenermill, and thinking that avowal offered a good opening for the expression of my wishes, I began to talk to her. "It is too true," I said, "that my brother has believed himself authorized by the authority of the king, and the approval of our bishops, to make another marriage. And though," I added (with unpardonable imprudence, unless my good intentions may be taken into account) "his wife has not yet taken the place of wife, to which on her conscience she believes herself entitled, it is only from a feeling of modesty, and concern for her own reputation. She is now in a convent, where no doubt she will not remain much longer. This marriage secures

your divorce, though not yet fully completed. No doubt your consent was infamously obtained, still it is legal. The king has accepted it. It is countersigned by your father. One word from you," I added, in my most persuasive voice, "will put an end to all our misery, and bring peace back to our unhappy family. Accept the hand of Lord Tenermill. I will undertake to shield you from the anger of your father. He recognized the advantages of the match when it was first proposed to him. I feel no doubt they will have weight with him now."

Sara, I could see, listened eagerly at first, but she seemed absorbed in her own thoughts before I had done speaking. Then she said, as if recalling herself with difficulty to the answer she must make: "You give me advice that I shall never be able to take. I only consented to marry Lord Tenermill when I feared for my husband's life. I never could have kept that promise. I have blamed myself for making it." Then, lifting her head as if she heard the steps of Fincer, she cried: "I dare not keep you longer, my dear dean. Remember you have promised always to love me. I will let you know when you may come again, but go now, and cautiously."

She looked more animated, more like herself, than she did at the beginning of my visit. I drew from this the happiest auguries, and indeed it was not until the fatal consequences of this interview had taken place that I realized the terrible imprudence of my own words. Then I felt that I was the guilty party in the unhappy event I have yet to tell of in this story.

As I made my report of what had passed to the count and countess, I dwelt much upon my view that, if Sara had once said she would marry Lord Tenermill, there was every reason to hope that she might be brought by frankness, affection, and tenderness to say so again.

Rose and her husband were much pleased with the news I brought them, and we sent off an express to Lord Tenermill, who was on the point of

embarking with his regiment for service in Ireland.

That evening, as I sat absorbed in my reflections, Joe came to tell me that something seemed going on in Mademoiselle de L——'s house. He could not tell what it might be, for Patrick had won over all his servants by presents and by promises to keep his secrets, and not one of them would tell him what he wished to know.

The truth was, although he could not discover it, that Patrick had moved his effects, and much of the furniture from Mademoiselle de L——'s house during the night before, and that the horses, carriages, and many of the servants were in the neighborhood of Paris, awaiting his appearance or his orders. A man whom they could trust was to be left in charge. Mademoiselle de L—— was to return that very evening after dark to make some final arrangements, after which they were to set off for Germany before dawn.

It was the day after my visit to Sara Fincer that all these things were to take place. Patrick, although he told us nothing of his plans, came the night before his intended departure to pay a last visit to Rose and Count S——. I was there, and, notwithstanding his reluctance to let me speak of his affairs, I contrived to tell him about my interview with Sara, and implored him to see in it, if he had ever doubted, my affection, my zeal for his service, and a change in my views. At another time probably he might have been touched by this, but now he was preoccupied, and he heard me coldly.

Meantime I thought it advisable to endeavor to see Sara again, and sent my Irish servant to arrange with her another interview. Instead of being, as at first, eager for my visit, she desired to put it off until another day. Joe replied that he found her up and dressed, — dressed with great care, and, as he said, "most beautiful." Her expression seemed quite changed. She appeared to have recovered her spirits. I attributed this to her having made up her mind to forget Patrick, and to be happy with Tenermill.

Alas ! I was very far from understanding the situation. All was the fruit of my own imprudent disclosure in our first interview, when, with a view of exalting the goodness of Patrick, I had informed her that Mademoiselle de L—— had, with his consent, gone for the present to a convent, and that they had agreed not to live together as man and wife until better times.

This put two new ideas into Sara's head. After she heard this, she paid no more attention to what I was saying to her ; she was only occupied with the thought that the relations of Patrick and Mademoiselle de L—— to each other, were exactly parallel to hers with Patrick in Ireland. She formed the project, if he were alone in her rival's house, of making her way to him, and by every demonstration of affection, to win his heart. Since she came over to France she had never had an opportunity to speak alone with him. She would seize it at once.

She was thinking how she might accomplish this all the time I was talking to her. She knew that Mademoiselle de L—— had only hired the chief rooms in the house opposite, and that the *concièrge* was not in her service, nor in that of Patrick. She sent for her own landlady when I had left, who entered into her views, and the *concièrge* was gained over by a sum of money. He knew that the rent was paid, that the house was going to be given up, and that much of the furniture had been removed, but he knew nothing of the intended journey to Germany.

Sara attributed the design of leaving the apartment to Patrick's anxiety to escape her observation, and it made her more eager than before to accomplish her purpose without delay.

As soon as it grew dark she left her house with her landlady, leaving her maid in her chamber, to say she was asleep, and must not be disturbed. The *concièrge* let her through a side door into Patrick's chamber. He told her that he was out, but she resolved to wait for him. Alas ! it seemed as

if the evil genius of our family was never tired of occupying himself with our affairs.

Patrick's chamber was in great disorder, as could be seen by two lighted candles standing on a large table. Things lay scattered on the chairs, and on the floor. Sara found an empty seat, however, standing behind the open door of a large closet, and she sat down on it, rather glad that on Patrick's return she would not at first be visible.

She did not wait long. She heard voices in the corridor. One was the voice of a woman. It was that of Mademoiselle de L——, whom Patrick was bringing from her convent, that she might make some last arrangements for her journey.

On entering the chamber he begged her to sit down. The servants disencumbered a large sofa, and brought it forward, at the same time pushing back the table with the candle-sticks against the heavy open door of the closet, so that Sara was in a sort of prison.

Then came what for her was a scene of anguish. Patrick spoke to Mademoiselle de L—— with words of the most tender affection, and at last seizing her hand, though she endeavored to prevent him, he drew her towards him, and for the first time taking her in his arms, he passionately kissed her.

Shame, fury,—every passion that can possess the heart of a wronged and jealous woman took possession of Sara. She sprang up from her seat, pushed violently against the closet door, and in so doing, knocked over the table on which stood the lighted candles. They fell, and all was sudden darkness. Only a voice in that darkness was shrieking "Traitor ! Perjurer !" as Sara rushed towards the pair closely folded in each other's arms.

Alas ! in another moment she lay senseless at their feet. Patrick had laid aside his rapier as inconvenient on a journey, and was wearing only a short sword or hunting-knife. Suddenly attacked, he knew not by whom, he had

drawn this weapon, and Sara, stumbling forward in the darkness, fell upon its point, as he held it in his hand.

The noise in the room brought in the servants with lights, and then to Patrick's horror, the assailant whom he had pierced proved to be the hapless Sara, lying unconscious at his feet with blood flowing from her wound.

He ceased to think of Mademoiselle de L—. All his care was to succor his unhappy victim. Mademoiselle de L— too, was anxious to assist her, but Patrick, fearing the effect on Sara, should she open her eyes and see her rival, took his young wife by the arm, and led her away abruptly, leaving her with her own women, while he returned to Sara.

As he did so he found himself stepping in blood, and this sight overcame him. He fell speechless into a chair. Sara, who had been laid upon the sofa, at last began to show signs of consciousness. Patrick went to her side at once. He kneeled beside her, and waited anxiously for the arrival of the surgeons.

Her first words were a reproach. Patrick could not endure in silence this painful scene. He flung himself upon his knees, and in piteous words, implored her pardon, and kissed her hands.

Meantime Mademoiselle de L— had done the best thing that she could do under such circumstances, — she got into her coach, and drove back to her convent, giving orders to her servants to let her know the next day everything that might take place.

Hardly had she gone before Fincer came to the house, in a state like that of a mad man. I have always supposed that, having heard of what had passed, his intention was to take the life of his daughter's rival. The servants and the landlady had abruptly told him that his daughter had been murdered in the opposite house. He jumped to the conclusion that, if it were in Mademoiselle de L—'s house, the deed must have been done by her hands. She was gone when he

arrived, and he might have been kept from entering had not my brother's valet judged prudently that it was best that he should see his daughter, and telling him the truth about what had taken place, he led him into her chamber.

Furious as Fincer was, the scene before him softened him. The doctors were dressing the wound. While they did so, Sara was lying with her head on Patrick's breast, supported in his arms. Anxiety and grief were depicted on his face. It was impossible to consider him the enemy of one whom he was so affectionately attending. It was the first time Fincer had seen Patrick since his boyhood. It made a great impression on him. He began to forget that he saw before him the man who, more than any other in the world, had offended him mortally.

When the doctors pronounced Sara's wound dangerous, but not fatal, and thought she might be removed to her own house, he did not oppose my brother's wish to go with her, and to wait upon her. All the household of Fincer, who knew the situation, were surprised to see my brother lavishing all his cares on the woman whom they believed him to have treated so inhumanly.

He passed the night beside Sara's bed, sometimes asking her pardon for his cruelty, sometimes endeavoring to console her by his words and his caresses; sometimes walking up and down the room in silence, and then resuming his place beside her with increasing agitation.

His *valet de chambre* during the night had not left him, but early in the morning he slipped away from Fincer's house to tell me what had happened.

My first emotion on hearing this was terror. I fancied Fincer was sure to take revenge. I entered his house with dread, and asked if I could see him. The servants replied that he was with my brother in his daughter's chamber. I could hardly believe my ears. I had come there hoping to deprecate his anger. However, thinking that my presence might still be useful, I went

up-stairs, and found Fincer and Patrick sitting each on one side of poor Sara, evidently thinking of nothing but how to assist and console her. They rose when I came in, but they received me very coldly. I took a chair offered me by a servant, and we all remained silent. Fincer kept his eyes down; Patrick took Sara's hand, and kissed it tenderly. Then at last he spoke. "You have heard all about this sad affair," he said. "Was there ever any one so guilty or so miserable as I am?"

I scarcely knew how to answer him. It seemed hardly a time for exhortations to duty and to virtue. I confined my remarks to some vague reflections on the mysterious ways of Providence, and added, by way of turning my remarks to the benefit of those to whom they were addressed, that under dark clouds often shone the light.

They made no answer. Then Fincer rose, and, taking my hand, led me into an adjoining room, where he made me take a chair, and asked me what opinion I thought he ought to form of my brother's past conduct, of his grief, and of his tenderness for Sara, of his sighs and groans. "I have been struck," he said, "by his air of mildness and of honesty. Perhaps Sara, on her part, may have neglected her duty as a wife. If so, tell me. By pursuing a different line of conduct she may regain his heart; I shall be glad of it; for it is clear to me that he is not voluntarily guilty, and that what has happened should not be imputed to him as a crime."

I was amazed. The man who spoke thus was no longer the terrible Fincer. I thought it my duty to flatter his hopes of a reconciliation between husband and wife, and to confirm him in his good opinion of my brother. I even spoke of Mademoiselle de L—— as but a weak obstacle to a renewal of his former vows. "It is most important," I said, "that Patrick should, for the present, receive no letters from that lady, nor see any one who comes from her." Fincer agreed with me, and gave orders to his servants accord-

ingly; and when the doctors decided that his daughter still demanded the utmost care, I could see that he was glad to think this would keep Patrick beside her.

Rose and her husband came, but were not admitted, strict orders having been given that no messages, and no visits should be allowed. Patrick's *valet de chambre*, however, I myself allowed to enter. This man, being an Irishman, was altogether in the interests of his countrywoman, Sara Fincer. He told me he had seen Mademoiselle de L—— at her convent, and when he told her all that had occurred both at her own residence and at Fincer's house, she had let fall several expressions of concern, and had given him a letter to his master, which no doubt contained complaints of his desertion and his attention to her rival. I told him to give me the letter and to go back and inform Mademoiselle de L—— that his master was not likely for some time to leave the bedside of Fincer's daughter, and was too busy, too anxious, and too unhappy to send her any other answer.

"If she gives you any letters," I said, "bring them to me. If she bewails my brother's fickleness, tell her that he is too completely overcome by sorrow for what has taken place to think of anything else."

The man was intelligent, and understood me.

At that moment arrived a servant from Count S—— asking to see me. He brought me word that two couriers were waiting for me at the count's, one of whom had been sent by M. de Ser-cine from Saint Germain by order of the king, who wished to see me that very day. The other was the man we had despatched to Tenermill.

I made haste to go to the count's house. Tenermill's man told me that though he had used all diligence he had not reached Dunkirk till the squadron was just putting to sea. He had taken a boat, however, and had overtaken the transport which had Tenermill on board. My brother had received his news with emotion. Then he went

below, and had written me a letter. In it he answered my appeal for forgiveness, by saying coldly he cherished no resentment against me, but he thought it best to tell me frankly that he did not wish me for the future to have anything to do with his affairs. He asked my pardon for expressions that he now regretted, but he asked me if I always intended to injure my family by vain scruples, which no doubt made myself unhappy as well as others. Surely I must be aware that I had ruined all my brothers' hopes by my perpetual interference with their plans. Even the message I had sent imploring his return showed how little I understood what was imposed upon a man of the world by his sense of honor. How could I expect him when embarked on foreign service by order of the king to come back to Paris on affairs of his own? I knew his ardent love for Sara—why did I agitate him by thought of her at such a moment? Why did I seek to tear his heart between desire to be with her and his duty?

Things were changed since that letter was written. I opened that from M. de Sercine regarding the orders of the king. But it spoke so vaguely of his Majesty's wish to see me at once, that hope gave way to apprehension.

However, I set out at once for Saint Germain. As I went I re-read Tenermill's letter, and could not but feel that he had some ground for thinking that from time to time my zeal had outrun my discretion. "I am ready to confess my faults," I said to myself. "I am willing those who know more of the world than I do should instruct me as to things I do not know, but why will they not do the same by me, and receive the instructions as to the duties that they owe to their religion, and the principles that form an honest man in the sight of God?" As I went on with my meditation it occurred to me that perhaps I had done wrong in never trying to understand how far the laws of honor that governed men of the world accorded with the maxims laid down in the Gospel. Surely, I thought,

everything that is right and honorable must, if traced to its source, be found to be compatible with religion, surely the spirit of the Gospel may be carried even into the trivial duties demanded by society. God is a God of order, and it is the spirit of order that demands that all duties shall be fulfilled according to their order and degree. Therefore I had been to blame in endeavoring to distract Tenermill's thoughts on the eve of his departure; for the honor of a soldier was, after all, its connection with religion, because religion is the mainstay and support of order.

When I arrived at Saint Germain I learned from M. de Sercine what he had not told me in his note. Patrick had not been so entirely occupied with his journey to Germany that he had neglected entirely what he owed to his king. He had not liked to present himself at court, but he had begged his friend Anglesey to present to the king his respects and his humble service. Anglesey had done so, but hearing nothing of Patrick's plans, had not been able to answer the king's questions, and the king wished to see me to be better informed. M. de Sercine added (and this greatly alarmed me) that his Majesty's motive for wishing to see me was not curiosity alone.

All this caused me to feel great embarrassment when I was admitted to the presence. I felt I had many things to conceal, many things to explain, many to hope for, many to fear. I hardly know how far my own wit and my own boldness would have served me if the king had begun, as I expected, by questioning me with severity and reproach. But that excellent prince was only bent on kindness. Before asking me about my brothers, he told me that, as I had never presented myself at his court, I could hardly be surprised that I had not shared in his favors, so that I had made it necessary for him to seek me out in order to inform me that he offered me the post of his chaplain in ordinary to attend upon his person. He said he had been keeping the place for me for some time.

"It has a salary," he said, "which will enable you to live in comfort;" and he advised me to resign my benefice in Ireland.

He went on speaking with favor of myself and of my brothers, trying to interrupt me when I would have expressed my gratitude, and, at last, coming to the subject of Patrick, he expressed his regret that he should lose the opportunity of attaching a man of his merits and his birth to his court and his person. He did not even allude to the troubles in our family, thinking them, I suppose, at an end.

Seeing his Majesty so kind, it became easier for me than I expected to tell him what seemed necessary: that Patrick's journey had been put off, and possibly might never take place, and I added that the reasons that had made him think of leaving France were, I trusted, at an end.

"Then let me see him here to-morrow," said the king, "and you may rely upon it that what I intend to do for him will induce him to give up his journey into Germany."

I should have gone back at once with this news to Patrick, had not M. de Sercine assured me that it was only proper to remain at the château until after the king's *coucher*.

While his Majesty was at table, and indeed long into the night, he was questioning me about the state of his affairs in Ireland. He knew of Lord Lynch's death, and asked me the particulars. This led to my telling him that I was the sole depository of the secret Lord Lynch had inherited from his father. I described to the king the riches in the treasure house, and we debated the ways and means of bringing them over to France.

It seemed too late to get back to Paris that night after the king had dismissed me, so I slept at the house of M. de Sercine. But ah! how eagerly I should have returned home at once had I guessed what was passing in my absence.

I did not reach Paris until midday, and descended at the count's door, full of joy at the news I was going to com-

municate. But the appearance of the servants foreboded misfortune. I did not question them. I asked to see the count. I was shown in to him, but did not speak. "Great changes," he said, "have taken place since you have been away. Fincer has died of apoplexy, brought on by a fit of anger. Your brother has disappeared, no one knows whither. My wife has gone to Sara, and I have just left her. She does not yet know of her father's death, and the flight of him she still calls her husband."

I hardly knew what to do. I had no sooner quitted the count's house on foot, on my way to Fincer's, than I was stopped by Patrick's valet, out of breath, who told me he had just come with all speed from Saint Germain, where he had been to seek me.

He went on to say that, in consequence of my orders, he had delivered the message I had given him, as if coming from my brother. Mademoiselle de L—— had been much moved by it, and had uttered bitter complaints against her husband and Sara Fincer. She wrote a second letter to my brother, then a third, then others. To none did she receive any answer in writing, only such messages as it pleased the valet to construct out of his own head, and at last so far exceeded his instructions as to tell her that his master said he did not wish to hear from her.

Mademoiselle de L—— was furious. Her feelings, which till then she had controlled, broke forth in passionate reproaches. She declared in the presence of the valet that she would leave Paris at once, that she would set off alone for Germany, and desired him to let her people know that they might make ready for her journey.

Having formed this resolution she wrote another letter to Patrick filled with the bitterest reproaches, and telling him of her resolve. This she gave in charge to a person whom she meant to leave in Paris to look after her affairs, telling him to surmount all obstacles, and to see Patrick himself. Meantime she put off her departure till

the next day ; but this was unknown to the messenger. He had seen her travelling carriage at the convent gate when she gave him the letter.

That night her man did not succeed in getting into Fincer's house, but the next morning he managed to enter it in spite of the porter's vigilance. Mademoiselle de L—— remained meanwhile in terror and despair.

The messenger went up the staircase, and entered an anteroom. It led to Sara's chamber. There he saw Patrick sitting in a chair, broken down by loss of food and sleep. He seemed at first to take no notice of the signs that the man made him. But the moment he came out to him and heard from whom he came, he seized the letter. Mademoiselle de L—— had never lost her place in his affections. He had thought her safe and tranquil in the convent. Her undeserved reproaches filled him with anguish, terror, and remorse. She spoke of ten letters that she had written to him. He had not received one of them ! She was about to leave France. Her letter, she said, would be delivered to him after she had gone. He turned furiously on the messenger. The man told him that his mistress had left Paris the night before.

At once Sara was forgotten. Furious at the idea that Fincer or his servants had intercepted his letters, Patrick flew down-stairs, to vent his rage on the domestics. Fincer, hearing the commotion, came forth to learn what had happened. Patrick reproached him as bitterly as his servants, and, threatening vengeance, left the house.

Fincer, on learning what had taken place, and that Patrick had rushed from his daughter's sick-bed to her rival, became in his turn so angry that it brought on a fit of apoplexy of which he died. One of his servants had had the presence of mind to shut the door of Sara's chamber, while another went to inform the count and countess as her nearest friends.

Patrick, meantime, hurried to Mademoiselle de L——'s house. He found

it vacant. No servant was there but his own valet, who appeared before him trembling ; but Patrick's suspicions had not fallen on him. He asked the man no questions, but entered at once into his own chamber. He seemed almost beside himself. The valet, after doing all in his power for his relief, did not dare to oppose him when he spoke of going at once to the post-house, taking horses, and following Mademoiselle de L—— upon her road to Germany ; he only begged his master to let him make all enquiries, assuring him of his zeal. But his real object was to get away before his suppression of the letters should be found out. First, however, he went to Fincer's house, and heard what had occurred there. Then he passed the convent gate, and saw Mademoiselle de L——'s carriage still standing there without horses. Then he bethought him that if he were guilty I was quite as much so, and he set out in quest of me at Saint Germain. I was not there. He hurried back to Paris, and met me at Count S——'s door.

Alas ! Alas ! What was I to think of all this ? Either Patrick, impatient at his man's delay, must have gone himself to the convent, or Mademoiselle de L——, informed by her own messenger of what had taken place, had sent to find him. Could Sara be long ignorant of what had taken place ? And what was the next thing that might happen ?

From The Quarterly Review.
OCEAN MEADOWS.¹

OUT in blue water, poised on the surface of thousands of fathoms of sea,

¹ 1. Revision des Nostocacées Hétérocystées. Par MM. Ed. Bornet et Ch. Flahault. (Extr. "Annales des Sciences Naturelles.") Paris, 1886-1888.

2. Monographie des Oscillariées. Par M. Maurice Gomont. (Extr. "Annales des Sciences Naturelles.") Paris, 1893.

3. Das Pflanzenleben der Hochsee. Von Dr. Franz Schütt. (Ergebnisse der in dem Atlantischen Ocean ausgeführten Plankton Expedition der Humboldt Stiftung, herausgegeben von Victor Hensen.) Kiel und Leipzig, 1893.

4. Report on Deep Sea Deposits. By John Mur-

the traveller finds it hard to realize that he is crossing a meadow of plants, evading observation as individuals, and even, under ordinary circumstances, inconspicuous in the mass, yet everywhere present, affording nutrition to minute forms of animal life, which in turn supply the food of shoals of fishes. The study of these ocean meadows and of the animal life that they support suggests a variety of questions, which are of practical and economic, as well as theoretical or scientific, interest. They are the feeding-grounds of fishes; they open out fields of enquiry to naturalists; they offer difficulties to students of geology; and the validity of evolution demands an explanation of the problems connected with their appearance.

Writers on sanitation have made us painfully familiar with the facts that a profusion of mingled organisms inhabit the air in greater or less density, and that man is constantly surrounded with evidence of the avoidable as well as the inevitable impurity of his dealings with organic substances. Though such organisms are not true aerial denizens, but, like the seeds of thistles blown by the wind, are mere passengers through the atmosphere, a consideration of their occurrence in such multitudes in the air impresses us with the fact that the frontiers of the distribution of organic life are scarcely to be delimited. The living earth and its waters teem with inconspicuous and unsuspected forms of bacterial life, performing functions of the utmost utility to man, and on the other hand potent with latent hostility. Such organisms share these attributes with the lower fungi, but the relationship formerly presumed to exist between bacteria and fungi is now known to be merely one of function. They agree, that is, in following parasitic and saprophytic modes of life, setting up diseases in the one case and decay in the other, and are as little related as bats are to birds. The true next of kin of bacteria are the other *Protophyta* containing chlorophyll, the green color-

ing matter of plants, and vegetating by means of it in ordinary plant fashion. This great group is not only more varied in form, but has even wider frontiers than the bacteria as regards its distribution. Owing to less specialized modes of life—the least specialized of any organized beings—the green *Protophyta* occur universally. They are found wherever there is moisture and a little light,—with the moss in its cranny, in lakes and rivers, by seashores, and, even penetrating to those regions where bacterial life is normally scarce or absent, on the tops of mountains and in the open ocean—the “blue water” of seafaring language.

The admirable work which M. Bornet and his two pupils, as they would no doubt proudly confess themselves, have done in monographing the great groups of *Protophyta* called the heterocystal *Nostocaceæ* (*Rivulariææ*, *Siro-siphoniææ*, *Scytonemææ*, *Nostocææ*) and the homocystal *Nostocaceæ* or *Oscillariææ*, so much surpasses ordinary botanical systematic work that it is difficult to refrain from the use of apparently exaggerated language in describing it. The differences of structure and development which are characteristic of species of plants are very obscure in these low forms, and their scrutiny is a work of labor in its methods. There are probably no plants, into the systematic literature of which greater confusion has been imported. The bacteria, perhaps, ought to be excepted, since species-making has here fallen into the hands of chemists, medical men, and physiologists, who are a law to themselves in their mode of discriminating specific rank by physiological and chemical tests instead of by the characters afforded by structure and development. The natural history of bacteria has come to be disregarded, and the sensational recognitions of new forms in association with disease, of which professional and daily newspapers tell us, will one day form a chapter in the *chronique scandaleuse* of botany, when these forms find their natural historian in a new Bornet.

ray, LL.D., and Rev. A. F. Renard, LL.D. (Reports of the Scientific Results of the Exploring Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger.) 1891.

In the early days of the bacteria scare, if it may be so termed, the true path was pointed out by the celebrated botanist Bary in his "Lectures on Bacteria;" but his voice cried in a wilderness of eager bacteriologists, who adopted some of his methods and rediscovered others, while they neglected his adjuration to remember that bacteria are to be studied like other plants and not like chemical products and physiological principles. A ready means of gauging the amount and character of the work of MM. Bornet, Flahault, and Gomont, is supplied when we compare the disorder that existed among the green *Protophyta*, which they have monographed, with that existing among the colorless forms—the bacteria. In accomplishing their task, the greatest difficulty has no doubt been the relegation of the endless bad species to their proper place. The catalogue of "species excludendæ" enormously exceeds in number the legitimate species, and the conscientious execution of the task of investigating all these claimants to specific rank must have proved a heart-breaking labor. The difficulties have been equalled by the honest hard work and brilliant interpretations of the authors.

One of the most interesting directions in which science has recently advanced is exhibited in the records of the existence of a flora and a fauna of universal occurrence in the most inhospitable wastes of the sea. The phosphorescence, or luminosity as it is better termed, of the ocean is well known to be due to the presence of organisms in it in vast numbers. This phenomenon, almost as brilliantly exhibited on our western coasts as in tropical seas, has at all times attracted notice; but the conditions of its exhibition are even now imperfectly understood. From the earliest times to the present there are direct and indirect records of the occurrence of transient phenomena of a like kind to be seen in the open light of day. Many speculations have been hazarded as to the origin of the name of the Red Sea. Herodotus helps us merely to the name,

and Pliny begins, as was to be expected, the work of mixing matters, having collected idle tales about King Erythras, the reflection of the sun's rays, the color of the sand, and the nature of the water. Montagne,¹ in his memoir on the subject, assigned the true origin of the name to the periodical occurrence in its waters, and in the tropical Indian Ocean as well, of floating banks of a microscopically minute seaweed, *Trichodesmium erythraeum*. Ehrenberg and others had previously witnessed and commented on the fact, and Candolle had described a similar reddening of the waters of the Lake of Morat, owing to the presence, in extraordinary abundance, of an allied organism. Captain Cook, Hinds in the voyage of the Sulphur, Darwin in the Beagle, and many other observers, have noted similar phenomena in widely distant seas, and have, some of them, remarked the offensive odor accompanying such manifestations. No naturalist who has witnessed one of these great exhibitions of the astonishing fecundity of the lowest forms of life, and has observed its evil smell and the swarms of animal parasites, can fail to recall the literal truth of Coleridge's verse:—

The very deep did rot; O Christ!

That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs

Upon the slimy sea.

Not Tennyson, nor Ruskin, ever stated a scientific truth in poetical language with less exaggeration,—though, strangely enough, these very lines have been seized upon by sensational book illustrators as material suitably weird for the exercise of their debased craft.

Such phenomena are akin to the periodical occurrences of great banks of minute *algæ* in freshwater lakes and rivers,—for example, the "breaking of the meres," as it is termed in Shropshire, where it has been investigated with some success. Cases of the rapid formation of such banks have been often recorded elsewhere, and Londoners may observe it annually on a small scale in the ponds of Kensington

¹ Sur la Coloration des Eaux de la Mer Rouge: Ann. Sci. Nat., 1844.

Gardens, where, in the months of September and October, the fountains spout sprays of blue-green water. The marine phenomena are on a grander scale. The organisms find the most favorable conditions of temperature, of light, of salinity, etc., for the purpose of multiplication, just as the allied bacteria find such best possible conditions with the result of an epidemic disease. How far indeed such conditions, wholly external to our bodies and not involving any preliminary weakness of our health, may constitute what is called "predisposition" to disease, is a subject which students of plant diseases understand much better than the pathologists of man and animals.

Visible occurrences such as these are probably much more common in the ocean than is supposed, and an enquiry into their mode of origin leads us to the facts, that such organisms do ordinarily exist at all places in the sea, and that it is merely under the most favorable conditions that we observe this sudden increase in the numbers of particular species.

Those who knew that the whole bulk of animal life in the ocean must be directly and indirectly dependent on the vegetation of the ocean, were puzzled for many years by the difficulty of accounting for the apparent disparity of their volumes, since the marine vegetation of the coasts alone is manifestly insufficient to preserve the balance. The least observant eye notes that, on the great carpet of green which covers the earth, the animal life is but a faint pattern; in the ocean the proportion seems to be reversed. Owing to the action of sea-water in intercepting light, which is necessary for the nutrition of all plants except parasites, there is complete darkness below seven hundred fathoms or less; but, long before this depth is reached, the quality of light in relation to its action on plants is so profoundly modified, that marine vegetation penetrates to a trifling depth. On the other hand, the marine fauna ranges into the great depths, and the impossibility of balancing a mere fringe of vegetation along

coasts, *plus* floating Sargasso banks⁹ against the animal life of the whole ocean was apparent to all who considered the matter. The balance has been adjusted by the discovery of an ubiquitous marine vegetation, causing the tropical seas to glow with phosphorescent beams, and discolored polar ice where the sea breaks on it. The existence of these meadows of plants is made plain to us by the direct evidence of tow-netting the upper layers of water with fine silk nets, when their capture, together with the minute forms of animal life that live upon them, is effected. The minute animal life in turn furnishes food for shoals of fishes, and the importance of an enquiry into the whole life-history and seasonal occurrences of such organisms — the basis of the nutrition of marine life, as green plants are of terrestrial life — can scarcely be overrated. No such enquiry has ever been conducted in a serious scientific spirit in our seas by other than private investigators, unequipped with adequate resources for the proper study of the subject in its economic aspect. Our Fishery Boards concern themselves as little with this vital matter as they possibly can. Nor is this apathy surprising, when it is remembered that the present government have appointed to the chairmanship of the Scottish Fishery Board an estimable gentleman, who possibly understands the "branding" of herrings, but whose chief qualification for the post was a safe constituency. Yet at the moment when this appointment was made, they had the opportunity, pressed upon them by a large body of scientific men, of choosing an eminent naturalist, whose claims as a student of the ocean are admitted by men of all nations to be unrivalled.

Much is heard of the study of the migrations of food fishes; but why not begin the matter by enquiring into the occurrences of the food of fishes, — the vegetation that supports all marine life? Men whose minds are open to such considerations do not sit for safe constituencies in sufficient numbers to make an official enquiry probable in the

near future. But, besides the Fishery Boards, there is at least one institution from which light might be expected on such a subject. Some years ago a marine laboratory was established at Plymouth, from which economic as well as scientific blessings were expected to flow. Has such an enquiry ever been made under its auspices? Its mills grind slowly; but they do not grind small enough for microscopic organisms of this kind.

The economic value of such an enquiry can be sufficiently indicated by briefly comparing its importance for fishery with that of land vegetation for terrestrial life. We know that the nutrition of the whole animal kingdom, including mankind, depends, wholly and absolutely, upon the activity of vegetation in converting the inorganic into the organic for our food; and, accordingly, the study of economic botany, especially agriculture, exacts the attention of States as well as of individuals. The basis of fishery is precisely the same as the basis of agriculture, and, as now conducted, fishery is in the same state of development as agriculture was in the days when nomadic man chased and slew the beasts of the field without bestowing a thought on the nature of their pastures. The primitive hunter indeed knew, as the modern fisherman knows, that there are special feeding-grounds, because both have blundered on them. Our Fishery Boards have developed so far as to be able to tell the fishermen what they must not do. The negative result is something to be grateful for; but it seems asking too much to invite these authorities to discover some course which might be recommended in the way of positive action. No such advance is likely to be made until their investigations pass beyond purely technical matters into the regions of science. It is true that examinations of marine temperatures are conducted. One is tempted to wonder why they are made — possibly on purely meteorological grounds. Such observations are of the greatest value in connection with observations of pelagic life — especially

of the pelagic flora; they are otherwise a mere groping in the dark.

Apart from the economic aspect of the study of pelagic vegetation, the subject has a purely scientific importance and interest not only to naturalists but to students of geology as well. The extensive fossil diatomaceous deposits, containing the innumerable and exceedingly minute siliceous shells of diatoms — a group of the lowest algae — of Tertiary and Quaternary age, now used in the manufacture of dynamite, polishing powders, etc., are the testimony of the rocks to the enormous activity of these organisms in the fresh and salt waters of past times. It is an interesting fact about these great fossil deposits, that, though many specific forms are represented in each of them, yet either a single species, or at most a few, compose the mass of each formation. It is exceptionally noteworthy that they all belong to genera, and in a very high proportion to species, living at the present time. In the chalk itself there are preserved species still extant, and before the chalk there is an absolute blank in the record of the rocks as to this form of vegetation, though the conditions appear to have existed abundantly for the preservation of such comparatively indestructible bodies as the siliceous shells of diatoms. Castracane has indeed recorded that he found in the ash of English coal eight species of freshwater diatoms of common occurrence at the present day. But exhaustive and fruitless research has been made by others, and the record is open to question.

Some of these deposits are of freshwater, and some of marine, origin; and it is again noteworthy that the latter contain many forms now exclusively marine. The records of the Challenger and other expeditions have shown us, that the floor of the ocean, over many large tracts, is now receiving, in the form of diatomaceous ooze, vast quantities of the siliceous walls of diatoms slowly showered down from the surface layers of water, where in life they play their part as pelagic vegetation. The naturalists of Sir James

Ross's Antarctic Expedition have described a great tract of ocean bottom in the South Polar Sea which is composed of this diatomaceous ooze. The tow-nets of the Challenger and other expeditions have captured on the surface in many quarters, but especially here, the living diatomaceous scum which rains down its dead to form this deposit on the bottom. South of latitude 50°, the Challenger narrative tells us, the tow-nets were on some occasions so filled with diatoms, "that large quantities could be dried by heating over a stove, when a whitish, felt-like mass was obtained."

The agency at work here is similar to the occasional swarms of other pelagic algæ in the Red Sea and the tropical oceans and in temperate, fresh-water lakes, and the conditions for its operation are the same. Not only now, but, as the geological deposits show us, from the remote past, are these outbreaks of the predominance of single forms known. They have continued in kind, and the very species concerned in the operation in Tertiary times continue to exist. Not only the typical form, but the species themselves, which have gained and maintained such an ascendancy, have survived as the fittest. They are of so many varied forms that the British Museum collection illustrating the different species and their distribution in space and in time consists of fifty thousand slides for the microscope. This type of organism does not slowly dawn on geological history, gaining with successive ages kaleidoscopic changes of form and development. At their earliest appearance in the rocks they burst upon us in great profusion of forms, and these we have with us living at this day. The conditions for their preservation in the earlier rocks were, as has been said, beyond doubt favorable. There was never such an argument for "special creation" as this subject offers in its present condition. The study of diatoms is open to many reproaches now made by botanists, accusations of unwarrantable species-making, and the like; but not

only have we no sure knowledge of many biological problems concerning them, such as their mode of motion, but we have this great want of a due search for them in the earlier rocks. There is a further reason for the need of filling this blank in the interests of evolution. Judged by their structure, we are justified in the inference that they are among the least changed descendants of the most primitive forms of life, and may therefore, on this ground alone, be presumed to have had an earlier origin. If we combine, then, such a consideration with the fact of first occurrence in many varied forms, and the presence of favorable conditions of life and of preservation in previous epochs, it will be seen that the validity of evolution demands an earlier record of their appearance in the rocks.

As regards the geographical distribution of the pelagic diatoms, it may be safely stated that their home is to be found in the colder waters of the northern and southern oceans, where they outweigh in bulk all other pelagic plants. They occur in much smaller numbers in the tropical seas. Associated with them in this respect are the *Peridinieæ*, a very remarkable group to be found on our own coasts, which would repay closer study, since our knowledge of their true nature is certainly imperfect, and lingering doubts remain whether botany or zoology should claim them. The pelagic *Oscillariæ* are more characteristic of the warmer than of the colder regions of the ocean; while of the other *Protophyta*, *Protococcaceæ*, etc., which occur in the open sea, there is not enough known to warrant any delimitation of their geographical distribution. Characteristic of tropical seas is the singular *Pyrocystis noctiluca* (with one other species, *P. fusiformis*). As its discoverer, Dr. John Murray,¹ says: "This organism is always present and often in enormous abundance at the surface of the open ocean in tropical and sub-tropical regions where the temperature

¹ Challenger Exped. Narrative, vol. I., part 2, p. 935.

is over 68° or 70° , and the specific gravity of the water is not lowered by the presence of coast and river water." It is strongly luminous, and is the chief source of the diffused phosphorescence of the sea in equatorial regions. The most brilliant displays of phosphorescence observed during the whole cruise of the Challenger were due to its presence in great numbers at the surface after calm weather.

With a parallel geological history and of a present biological interest that eclipses the *Diatomaceæ*, the Rhabdospheres and Cocospheres are among the greatest natural puzzles that await solution. Geologists are familiar with the occurrence in the chalk and later formations of bodies called Rhabdoliths and Coccoliths, the broken down parts of Rhabdospheres and Cocospheres like those of the present day. These are now regarded as pelagic algæ; and though their nature is obscure, the balance of evidence leans towards this opinion as the correct one. They are abundant in all surface and subsurface waters of tropical and temperate seas away from the influence of coast waters, and are not infrequently observed entangled in the protoplasmic matter of such pelagic animals as *Foraminifera*, and Radiolarians, in the stomachs of *Salpæ* and of Crustaceans. They can, however, be collected floating free in the water. While the Rhabdospheres are confined to the warmer regions, the Cocospheres extend to colder waters, where they are met with in even finer development than within the tropics. The broken down parts, or Rhabdoliths, are found in all the globigerina oozes (deposits of *Foraminifera*) of the tropics, and the Cocospheres in the deep deposits of subtropical regions, while Coccoliths occur massively in some of the globigerina oozes. In short, Rhabdoliths and Coccoliths play a most important part in all deep-sea deposits, with the exception of those laid down in polar and subpolar areas.

These organisms, though they excite such geological interest, and possess a surpassing biological importance from

the rôle they play in the ocean, are so little known that hardly any fact is to be added to this brief statement. It was hoped at one time that a report would be issued on the collections made by the Challenger expedition of the pelagic algæ other than the diatoms; but the material brought home was not extensive enough nor in a sufficiently good state of preservation to admit of this. In the preface to the volume on *Diatomaceæ*, the editor, whose personal knowledge of the subject entitles his opinion to the assent of all naturalists, remarks: "An interesting account of these pelagic algæ may be looked for from the first naturalist who has the time and opportunity to examine them in the living state on board ship, immediately after having been taken from the waters of the open ocean."

Since the time of the Challenger expedition the methods of minute study of the lowest forms of life have advanced in many respects, and good hopes were entertained that when the recent German expedition set out to study the Plankton or floating life of the Atlantic, many of the mysteries of the pelagic flora would be cleared up. Among its voluminous and excellent reports and tediously written narrative (everything was Plankton that came to its net) there is one on the plant life of the open ocean by Dr. Franz Schütt, while further details about the *Pyrocystææ* are promised by Dr. K. Brandt. The expedition surveyed the North Atlantic more or less along the sixtieth parallel, touching near Cape Farewell the cold East Greenland current, which a year or two hence will bear Dr. Nansen back to us amid its floes, down the Labrador current and across the Gulf Stream to Bermuda; thence obliquely to the south-east as far as Ascension, crossing the north equatorial and Guinea currents; north-westward down the south equatorial current to the mouth of the Amazons, and so straight home to Kiel *via* the Channel. It was an excellently planned route for the examination of representative sections of the northern and tropical Atlantic,

and its zoological results are valuable. If the total contribution to the botany of blue water is to be judged by Dr. Schütt's "Pflanzenleben der Hochsee," then we have to be thankful for a certain advance, for an accumulation of fresh facts, but for not a single explanation of any of the problems indicated above.

Dr. Schütt's sketch of the plant life of the open ocean is interesting, but is padded out with commonplace botanical facts already known to the majority of cultivated readers. The most valuable of his services are his estimates of the relative volumes of the component parts of the pelagic flora and their distribution in the northern and tropical Atlantic. His most interesting record is that of the superficial and vertical distribution of a minute globular alga, *Halosphæra viridis*, which was first described and studied by Dr. Schmitz in the Bay of Naples. It was found abundantly in the warm Atlantic, first on entering the Gulf Stream, with great regularity throughout the tropical sea, and right up to the English Channel. This record by itself is of great interest, but it cannot compete with what we are told as to the vertical distribution of *Halosphæra* in the ocean. Schmitz and others have always found it in the superficial layers of water, but this expedition secured it alive by means of the Hensen closing tow-net from the great depths between "1000-2200m." Since sunlight wholly fails to penetrate the greater of these depths (if it reach the lesser), Dr. Schütt may well ask, "Was grüne Pflanzen dort machen sollen?" Haeckel's ingenious suggestion that the phosphorescent light of animals wandering in the depths might suffice for the work of assimilation by green plants can hardly be seriously accepted by botanists, as Dr. Schütt owns. He takes refuge in the charmingly vague statement that the "key of the riddle will be found in oceanographic conditions," which is probably true if he means that the plants have been swept there by the influence of currents of submerged waters.

It is very disappointing to find that this expedition never once found either Coccospheres or Rhabdospheres—possibly their tow-nets were not fine enough. Anyhow this, the most important botanical problem which the expedition could have found to study, is contemptuously dismissed in a few lines of small type. Because this German botanist could not find them, he must needs suggest that either they belong to the *Foraminifera* rather than to the algae because of their association in occurrence, or, as has been said by others, they are mere inorganic formations, like the celebrated *Bathypus*. It is a misfortune that this expedition failed to find these organisms and give us an account of them. It makes the misfortune blameworthy when the gap is filled with the suggestion that they were not worth finding.

The final Challenger volume cannot now be much longer delayed. Its records of the distribution of pelagic life, however imperfect they may be as regards the vegetation, will throw a side light on the shortcomings of the Hensen expedition. Dr. Schütt adopts the attractive view commonly held as to the Sargasso Sea—that its gulf-weed is a mass of drifted *Sargassum*, which, torn from the Antilles, has been borne, like the derelict ships of the Atlantic, by the currents to this still region of the ocean, where, on the bursting of the air-vesicles, the plants perish and are renewed by fresh supplies from the Antilles. This view commands many adherents; it accounts for all the facts except the important one, that *Sargassum bacciferum*, the prevalent form, does not grow attached in the Antilles—nor anywhere else in abundance—if at all. Records have indeed been published of its occurrence attached—but the marine flora of the Antilles is well known; capable and observant men have collected its *Sargassa*, but none of them have found the factory that furnishes forth the great expanse of the Sargasso Sea. It is possible to contend that *S. bacciferum* is a "growth form" modified by its passage down the stream, but this

again is possible only by admitting that the plants continue to grow and develop after being set free, which is inconsistent with the rest of the theory. There are other arguments for and against this point, but Dr. Schütt ignores them. A most interesting and instructive estimate was made by Dr. Hensen of the relative mass of the gulf-weeds of the Sargasso Sea, and its microscopic vegetation. This estimate, though confessedly only approximate, puts the microscopic and ordinarily invisible vegetation far in excess of the *Sargassa* in bulk. No better example could be provided of the extent of this universal pelagic flora, and it is made all the more impressive by the fact that the Sargasso Sea is by no means rich in such forms when compared with northern and southern regions.

It has been made clear that there is here a new realm for botanical exploration and study, and that for scientific and economic reasons this must be undertaken. The earlier oceanographic expeditions, the Challenger expedition, and the German expeditions have all of them demonstrated this fact, and have indicated the nature of the problems to be solved, and but little more. The zoologists have already broken up this great deep, and have advanced their science with magnificent results—and they have called on botanists to do their part. It is the mere truth to state that, with the single exception of Dr. Franz Schütt, no botanists have seriously gone down to the sea in ships to study this great subject. They have been content to stay in laboratories and scoff at the imperfectly preserved material brought home by zoological colleagues. The work must be done on the spot—the organisms must be studied alive.

By the admirably simple contrivance of Dr. John Murray any ocean steamship may be converted into a Plankton expedition at the expense of a few shillings—for the study of surface forms at all events. Tow-nets are unnecessary, and the steamer may proceed on her ordinary business at undiminished speed. It is only necessary to fit a tap

on an intake pipe and let the sea-water run through a silk bag, which thus acts as a tow-net or filter. Dr. Murray has put the apparatus to the test, and was able to secure specimens from the surface layers in excellent condition while crossing the North Atlantic, obtaining the Coccospheres that eluded the elaborately equipped German expedition, and observing their living contents. By such means our ocean steamships can be pressed into the service of botanists, and their owners and commanders may be confidently reckoned on for practical sympathy with any study of the sea. The engineers' surface temperatures and the route pricked on the chart would be found at the observer's service. But though the results of this method may be anticipated to be considerable, it can never tell us of the range in depth of the organisms; it can never survey currents and map out regions, unless in the most indirect fashion; it can never achieve what an expedition deliberately planned and properly equipped could attain.

Almost every great advance in the study of the ocean has been made by this country, and the annals of the royal navy are eloquent of the distinguished part it has played in this progress. Other countries are now competing with us in the study which without arrogance we may call our own. No costly equipment is needed. The use of a cruiser (of dignified speed only) would no doubt be furnished by the Admiralty for a brief period, while the government grant administered by the Royal Society is often spent with less return than an investigation of this kind, costing a small portion of its annual amount, would yield. Let the fitting men come forward and demand it.

Another great opportunity will soon arise and must not be let slip. The proposed Antarctic expedition, for which a convincing case has been made out, can add to its usefulness by taking such an investigation in hand, not only in the southern seas but on its way to them. There is probably no region so fertile in the forms of pelagic life as

the Southern Ocean, and an expedition which should not make the study of its vegetation one of its main objects had better stay at home. There is little fear of the subject being neglected in its widest aspects, since it is one of the professed "aims which the promoters have in view," to use the language of a prospectus. Botanists will have themselves to blame, and the public will have them to blame, if through their supine indifference this great and rich harvest of the ocean be not gathered in. In another respect the times are favorable. For many years this country lost its once eminent position in the study of the coast vegetation of the sea; but during the last six or seven years so much good and honest work has been done by a young and energetic band of observers that this position has been in a great measure retrieved. There are not lacking among our younger botanists men of skill in the use of the most recent methods of research, capable of meeting the Germans on their own field. It will be their fault if the naturalists of another nation forestall them in taking possession of not the least honorable part of our empire over the sea.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

"VIA DOLOROSA ATLANTICA."

R.M.S. Gigantic. Wednesday. — We are lying snug and steady in the Alexandra Dock; the time is half past nine in the evening. We should have left Liverpool at four. Outside the library in which I write you hear steps walking up and down the deck with the reverberations of a seaside pier in August. Inside, under the golden electric light, business men (good business men, I've no doubt, but ridiculous to a degree in Margate yachting caps) are frowning and writing, rustling flimsy paper, to catch the ten o'clock mail-bag. They are travellers for the great Anglo-American firms; they cross the Atlantic three or four times a year and call the stewards by their Christian names.

No one seems to know why we don't start; some say it's the tide's wrong, and some that it's too rough for us to cross the bar. The real reason I understand to be an accident to an American vessel, blown by the gale across the dock gates and at present barring our exit. Anyway, we are still as a rock against the quay side, while the booming wind that has swept the face of heaven clean and freshened to a joyous twinkling every February star, wreathes its thin shrill lips through our rigging with a high hooting cry, "Come outside, you great coward, and I'll show you!"

We are all aboard, down to the last steerage passenger, with his high cheek-bones and worn fur cap, his flat, light-haired, freckled wife, tied up in a scarlet shawl; his rough, red, mottled-faced child, stamping about in a yellow fur coat, like a young Eskimo. When I strolled on shore before dinner, down the long dock-shed, flickering with gas and pungent with cases of onions, I met a youthful son of Erin staggering towards the New World with his bundle and flushed skin-full of whiskey. He challenged us to fight, of course, "Who's the next? Come on, both av ye!" and was assisted up the gangway by the dock policeman and a ragged compatriot selling the *Evening Mail*.

Down-stairs — I beg pardon — below, my stout little steward wipes his polished dome of a forehead and advises me to go to bed now, before we get outside. In his trim white jacket he regards me benevolently, and his eyes twinkle at my assurance that I am a fearsome sailor, as though he had heard it often before. I suppose he must; he has been voyaging between Liverpool and New York for seventeen years. Seventeen years! Why, he should know every wave and every sea-gull by sight.

As I sink between the rough and pleasant country-inn sheets of my berth I hear the lap of the water, the throbbing of a pump, and a drowsy voice from the next cabin that murmurs, "What a lot of bolts — and rivets — spring mattress — George?"

Thursday.—Still in the Alexandra Dock. A sailor, who tells me no one is allowed ashore, looks up at the shrill rigging and doesn't think the ranting, snoring gale is anyway abated. I go down to breakfast to the splendid gilded saloon (with an entirely unnecessary lurching, sailor-like walk), and find a type-written menu, a hand's length, crammed with every English and American delicacy. "Clam chowder, corn cakes, buckwheat, hominy, and cranberry jelly" make me feel as though Bartholdi's statue were already in sight.

On deck the day is windy-brilliant. The sky is Eton blue, and through the haze the white gulls circle tempestuously. The surface of the dock is occasionally lashed into wreaths of skurrying mist. Near me two business men in yachting caps, to whom nothing in the voyage or in nature are noticeable, talk earnestly and gustily. I hear, "stall-fed cattle—went right down to the bank, sir, and got it—if that had been all the money he had in the world, he couldn't 'a been tighter."

Now it's 11.30 by the dock clock, and we're gradually lurching away from the Alexandra quay side. We pass the dock gates and out into the leaping river. Against the bright sunlight the houses and shore of New Brighton look black as a silhouette. The last I see of the Lancashire coast is the long dun sand-hills, patched with ragged grass blown into shapeless hummocks by the wind. Then, like sticks, the masts of a wreck. All round the hurricane deck tarpaulins are stretched; they *flap-flap, flap!* monotonously; they rumble with the dull thump of loosely stretched drums. As the Gigantic is still steady, passengers promenade briskly, and as they pass me in my deck-chair, I hear scraps of their conversation. A stout woman with a pinched waist, a brown ulster, and a cap pinned over her streaming hair, asks, "Has she any money at all?" Her companion, a wizened little man, dried up and brittle, in a shrunk covert-coat, answers disagreeably, "Seventy pounds a year." Droll, these fleeting

scraps of conversation. I remember at South Kensington Station, only the other day, two men passing me with heavy, important tread while waiting for the train. "If I survive my wife," says one to the other solemnly, "as I hope I shall." *Cetera desunt*, for the train came in. But what a glimpse into a household!

All the early afternoon we get fairy views of the beautiful Welsh coast. Holyhead and its lighthouse look clear and sharp as in a water-color drawing. From my deck-chair I begin to notice the beginning of acquaintanceships and flirtations. One of the most obvious is that of an elderly, golden-haired lady, with deep-set, twinkling eyes and the highly artificial figure of a dressmaker's mantle-hand, who walks the planks sharply with one of the travellers in yachting caps. He is the type of "handsome swell" of a third-rate comic paper in its seaside summer number; he wears a serge suit, and, with his hands plunged in his jacket pockets and his sturdy, *bourgeois* legs planted briskly down one after the other, he regards his companion with that fatuous air of the irresistible who has had much success among barmaids. The husband of the golden-haired lady sits playing poker in the smoking-room, where the company looks like that of the commercial parlor of a Manchester hotel, and the atmosphere resembles a blue fog.

As the Gigantic turns towards Queenstown the trembling and throbbing approach something more definite in the way of movement. I make up my mind to get shaved while I can. The barber, who is curled up asleep in his little shop, operates upon me deftly and informs me this is the one hundred and eighty-fifth time he has crossed the Atlantic. He charges a shilling for the shave, and says I shan't get done in New York for that money. Then he turns with a low bow to the most important man on board, our member of Parliament, who sits on the captain's right in the saloon. If the poor gentleman's well enough he will be called on to preside at the concert

that always takes place the last night. Indeed, he has the air, as he strolls about in his fur coat, of already considering his neat and appropriate remarks as chairman, or at least one of the many important social and political problems of the day. Possibly, however, I do him an injustice, and he is only wondering whether he is going to be sick.

Dinner is announced by a couple of sailor-boys marching about playing bugles. I find those bugles very trying in mid-Atlantic; they are tooted just outside my cabin door, and they seem to say: "Get up and come into the saloon, my boy. There you'll find meat and rich sauces and puddings and wine." Even Sam, the steward, admits they sometimes have boots thrown at them. At dinner I observe the morose feeling growing stronger; my hair has a tendency to rise off my forehead, the *menu* seems absurdly, outrageously, disgustingly long. I am next rather a handsome girl who can't understand why I don't talk to her. She asks me to pass the salt, and when I do it in dreary silence she says, "Thank you very much," and looks me straight in the eyes. The table steward bends over me with the *menu* and presses more food on me. His voice sounds muffled as though it came from a telephone. I rise with a frown, I sway gently from side to side, the joints in my legs don't feel sufficient to meet the upward and downward movements of the deck. The talk and the laughter, the rattle of knives and forks grow fainter. I find myself in a narrow passage with a brass rail on one side and a limp fire-hose on the other. I say aloud fretfully, "I want cabin 125." In despair I open a door, any door; it's a bathroom. Fortunately I meet a boy carrying linen, from whom I demand Sam, my steward Sam. He says, "Sam is at plates, mister." That means Sam is assisting to wash-up. At last, cabin 125. The curtains, the coats, my dressing-gown are swinging from side to side. I throw my clothes off me as though they were all shirts of Nessus. I fall asleep, dully, heavily,

like a drunken tramp under a haystack.

At one in the morning I wake to absolute silence and stillness. We are at Queenstown. I discover Sam has been in and fastened a tin arrangement, very like the *tronc pour les pauvres* outside a Catholic church, on to the edge of the berth. *Très commode, ça.* At three I wake again and find we are leaving Queenstown. Sam, who looks in upon me, replies to my inquiries as to whether it isn't very rough, "Well, the wind's been here before us."

Friday. — Sam opens the portholes, and, leaning one fat hand on the edge of my berth, asks how I am. In a strangled voice I reply that I am wretched. His consolation is that he will see me again presently. The bugles blow for breakfast; I hear the water going into the bath, loud voices, somebody who whistles the "Pinafore." The sea gushes into the glass cap of the portholes and gushes out again; gushes in and gushes out. A basket-work chair advances from the other side of the cabin, meets a portmanteau, and retires. My toothbrush rattles in the glass, bottles fall. I doze.

Sam comes in carrying a little basin of chicken broth and some crackers. He says it's half past eleven. I stare at him stupidly when he mentions crackers. I think of a Christmas party and my dear small nephews and nieces. But crackers are only pallid-looking biscuits, to escape from which I put my head under the clothes. Sam sighs and says he will see me again presently. Surely I told him to take away the chicken broth? I know I tried to. Doze.

The bugles blow for lunch — for dinner. The "Pinafore" whistler sings the curate's song in the next cabin as he blithely dresses. The sea gushes and hisses in and out of the portholes; the curtains of my berth sway over my face and brush it. I ring the electric bell for Sam to come and close the portholes and shut out that horrible gushing sea. The boy comes in and says Sam is at plates. I try to throw into my glance an order to close the portholes.

Far down under the bed-clothes a strange voice says "portholes." The boy looks at me alarmed and says, Sam will see me presently.

In the middle of the night I wake with a baked, parched thirst. I ring the bell and a strange man enters in a dark flannel shirt. By my directions he gives me an effervescing drink. He makes it too strong and it fizzes over my face and hair deliciously. He says it is two o'clock, and blowing pretty hard. I look at my watch and find it's twenty past three. That's the worst of going west; the nights are all the longer. I hear the sea boiling up into the portholes like a witch's cauldron. I slide from side to side in my berth and have to grip the edge to prevent myself from falling out. "Yes," says the strange man, "she's rolling."

Saturday. — As I follow the motion of the ship, I cannot help thinking of a country road that climbs and dips and falls, turns corners, rumbles and bumps over ruts and unmended spaces; stops for a minute or two to let the horse-power breathe and then dashes on again wildly, whip-bethwacked. I fancy myself in a shaky, weak old chaise; I am driving from Devizes to Marlborough over the downs; the road is very bad, there are huge stones and long raw places. As we sway and slide along, I build up beside our path Wiltshire farmhouses and villages. We stop for one trembling, suspended moment opposite a Cold Harbor I know. There is a damp-stained blue paper in the parlor, blue horsemen are leaping blue fences, some of them are cut in half by the corner china-closets. Outside a horn blows; it is that rackety young Pike with his tandem. Chalker, the farmer, enters to look at me, with his little eyes and long teeth. No, it's Sam, steadying himself with the door handle, and young Pike's horn is the bugle for breakfast. Sam has an orange stuck on a fork, the skin and the white all cut away, the juice dripping. "Dare I?" Sam opens the portholes and says, "It's a nasty morning again." The sea boils up into the portholes like milk into a saucepan.

I notice that the voices in the corridor and from the neighboring cabins are stronger, more cheerful. Sam says all his gentlemen are up with the exception of one next door, who spends the day making noises, each more complicated than the last. Sam says he wouldn't be so bad if he didn't think himself so well and eat so much. Why doesn't he imitate me? Yesterday I broke a biscuit in half. To-day I suck an orange.

All day long I doze, doze confusedly. There are times in ocean voyages, I am sure, when these great ships strike and roll over marine monsters taking their ease near the surface. Often and often I felt the Gigantic strike something, struggle for a few moments with a body, vast and pulpy; either cut its way through it, or rise above and along it, and then go free again through the unresisting waves. Frequently I was sure I heard screams and dolorous cries of anguish. It was just as though we had run over some one in the street. Perhaps these vessels that are lost and never heard of again (the City of Boston, for instance, which they suppose destroyed by an iceberg) are in reality smashed and devoured by the revolt and combination of outraged furious monsters who have borne the mutilation and death of their dearest long enough.

Sam visits me later in the interminable day with milk and lime water; to strengthen the stomach, he says. No use, my good Sam; *je ne puis pas le retenir*. Steps, bugles, voices, the man who sings "Ta-ra-ra-boom de ay" while he gets ready for dinner, the man who comes down late from the smoking-room and undresses noisily.

Sunday. — Sam suggests I should see the doctor. The doctor comes rolling and lurching into my cabin after the half past ten Church of England service in the saloon. He, too, has had seventeen years of voyaging to and fro; it took him two months, he says, to get over his sea-sickness, so I can scarcely complain of my three days. He is an Irishman of the jovial type of Charles Lever's doctors, with a brogue

one might cut with a silver knife. He demands my tongue, and when, with an immense effort I show it to him, "Oi wish o'd got wan so clane," says he regretfully. He orders me milk and lime water and a visit on deck, neither of which prescriptions I have the faintest idea of obeying. He tumbles out of my cabin like an amateur actor pretending to be extremely drunk, and I fall again to intermittent dozing.

In the afternoon I am seized with a passionate desire to see the face of this restless, storm-lashed Atlantic. I begonia by sitting up in my berth for the first time for three days. My head feels full of molten, swimming, clanging lead; my legs, on the other hand, as I dangle them impotently over the side of my berth, are as pieces of string. I fall on my knees, grown leaden now instead of my head (which feels light and bobbing as a cork), and with the help of the basket-work chair which slides to my aid, drag myself like a shot rabbit to the opposite berth below the portholes. How high above me it seems, and now how low! Up I clamber and look out through the gushing, boiling porthole. Waves, green and curling! hollows, slabs, terraces, troughs of water, broken and tumbling. White ridges and manes, and vast, deep pits where the sea appears clean sliced into polished sides of the richest verd-antique. Not a ship, nor a bird; only the low grey sky, with its masses of slowly shifting cloud; only the grandiose, breaking seas. Tempestuous as the seascape is, its very silence strikes me as ominous. It is like watching a man in a fit of dumb, inarticulate rage. It reminds me of seeing people dance, through a window, when you don't hear the music.

In the evening Sam persuades me to sit in the basket-work chair while he makes my bed. I sit in a limp heap, like Irving in the last act of *Louis XI*. Sam entertains me, meanwhile, with stories of vessels which break their machinery when (just as we are) three days out; the rest of the voyage is made laboriously under sail, and lasts three weeks. Also he tells me of sui-

cides (they had one for each of their first five voyages) and burials, not at all uncommon. He winds up with an account of a commercial gentleman in the next cabin who had *delirium tremens* all last voyage, and required a strait waistcoat, Sam, and three supernumeraries to keep him quiet.

I wake at six in the morning to find a strange man on his knees moving his hands mysteriously over the floor. He says he is searching for my boots to clean them. He describes it as a nasty morning again and bitterly cold.

Monday afternoon.—However Sam managed to get me up on deck, I don't know. To me it was like stumbling about inside a kaleidoscope, every object going through a constant shifting and wondrous sea-change. I have a recollection of his holding me by the arm and sliding me into a deck-chair. Now, he says, the deck-steward will see after me. When he leaves me I feel as though I have lost my only friend on board, and that I am about to shed the bitterest tears of my life. I open my eyes and see a sailor in a sou'-wester dropping a thermometer overboard and pulling it up again to examine the temperature of the water. That is, I believe, to discover whether there be icebergs in the neighborhood.

Then comes to me the deck-steward. He produces the *menu* from his inside jacket-pocket and holds it under my nose. I look at it blankly and drearily. I see beef and mutton and things fricasséed. Then I look at him and his dumb, entreating eye. My white lips murmur something inarticulate; neither of us speaks, but, thank heaven, he understands me and goes.

Healthy, hearty people walk sturdily up and down the deck, talking and laughing. I get hideous whiffs of their tobacco, and the end of my deck-chair is occasionally knocked in a way that moves me to blind fury. If I had a gun handy, there are two young men I should certainly shoot. They wear Norfolk jackets and flannel trousers, they appear to enjoy the cold and the motion, the wind envelops me with occasional clouds of the horrible mix-

ture they are puffing at. I try to attract the attention of the captain, who is walking up and down with a pretty girl, assuring her that he will get her to New York on Thursday afternoon; I have an idea that he will put those two young men in irons if I ask him to, properly.

The deck is so bitterly cold that, to avoid being frozen and affecting the thermometer which the man in the sou'-wester pulls up and down and examines carefully every half hour, I drag myself miserably into the library. The library (owing perhaps to the quantity of light literature it contains) is even more unsteady than the deck. I close my eyes and listen to two American girls chaff a fat young Dutchman in a yachting cap and a reach-me-down mackintosh with capes. He amuses them so much that they carry him off down to the saloon for afternoon tea.

I feel that if I don't speedily get below again I shall disgrace myself and my good friend Sam. I have a vision as I lurch along cabin-wards of leaping brass handrails and a long twining fire-hose, twisting like an empty snake. Fortunately, Sam is sitting in the passage amusing himself with a highly colored American comic paper. I fall shuddering into his arms; he undresses me like a child and puts me back into the familiar berth. He looks at me mournfully, and says he will see me again presently.

Tuesday.—Nothing but shipwreck will induce me to rise, and even then I shall insist on being the last person to leave the vessel. The doctor looks at me and says to Sam, "Fwhat shall we do to get um on deck? Shall we put powder under um?"

All day long I lie and read, not unpleasantly. I have "Half Hours of the best American Authors," which I took out of the library before we started, and Hardy's "Return of the Native," bought at Crewe. What years ago it seems since we left London in the special, since I jumped out at Crewe and bought the book. How like a dream it seems to recall the two French people

sitting opposite in the luncheon car, the woman with her vivacious monkey face, cunning and shrewd, but not unpleasant; the man, handsome and sulky, with his common hands and thick legs. I set her down as a *trapézienne*, and he as the strong man who stands below steadying the rope, watching her gyrations with affected palpitations of terror. She read "Belle-maman" when she was not quarrelling with him, and he had a crumpled copy of "Gil Blas." And the American ladies, in diamond earrings and tight sealskin jackets, chattering of the London shops and hotels while the pleasant English landscape slid past, with the ploughing teams on the brown uplands, the solitary figures trudging along the roads, the broad fields greenly shimmering with the winter wheat. And the wind in Liverpool, yelling through the docks, and the first sight of the Gigantic; and the sheaf of kindly telegrams waiting in the box in the saloon; and the steward, looking in his Eton jacket like a huge schoolboy, marking off our places for dinner and handing us each a number. How far off they all seem to me now tumbling in mid-Atlantic, how far off and yet how clear.

Wednesday.—As I stand looking at the sea, with a faint, wavering smile, a gentleman in a heavy ulster and a cap says cheerfully, "You've had a very bad time, haven't you?" He introduces himself as the man who suffered so much in the next cabin. His face is plaster-white and tightly drawn; his eyebrows have gone up into his hair; his eyes are criss-crossed with a tangle of premature wrinkles. Really, if I looked like that, I should conceive it my duty to remain in my berth till I improved.

As I haven't been shaved since last Thursday, I tumble below (I am rapidly getting my sea-legs now) with a sort of sham hearty "Come aboard, sir!" air, down into the barber's shop. There I find our member of Parliament, who addresses me remarks of the courteous-foolish order. He appears to be one of those gentlemen (not

altogether uncommon in the House of Commons) who mistake dulness for weight, and slowness of speech for evidence of sagacity. Like Mr. Chick, he believes in making an effort when on board ship; he never gives way, he says; he forces himself to get up on deck; he forces himself down into the saloon to eat. Which, being interpreted, simply means he isn't seasick; for if any man tells me the trouble can be overcome by mere strength of will, I have no hesitation in proclaiming him liar, of the second or self-deceived order.

When I am in the barber's chair, facing me in the glass I find a thin, white old man, with a short, dark beard, a stubby moustache, a blank, hollow eye, a wrinkled forehead. When I turn my head I see who it is; the object does the same; he mimics all my gestures; he gets shaved just as I do. When I look up at the barber for an explanation of the phenomenon, he says in a guttural German-American tone, "Well, I never tink I see you again. You look pretty sick, mein goodness!"

In the afternoon, as the day grows finer, I venture down into the saloon for a cup of tea. The sun blazes in upon the gilding, lavish as a lord mayor's barge. There is a group round the piano, practising for the concert. A young man in a light suit and a dull penny-reading baritone moans through "In Days of Old when Knights were Bold." He goes through the song three times, and each time misses the high note by half a tone. He doesn't seem to have a notion he's flat, though the lady accompanying him hits the right note significantly. There are good people, I believe, who will sing flat in heaven without any idea that they are spoiling the general harmony.

But, after all, how absurd it seems to complain of three or four days' seasickness when one remembers what people must have suffered in the old days of sailing vessels and paddle steamers; how unmanly, when on the Gigantic one is surrounded with every attention and comfort, even luxury,

and when one knows that in other parts of the ship the old, the sickly, the badly clothed and badly fed are suffering a thousand times more, without a single comfort or attention to alleviate their misery. I stood upon the narrow bridge that runs above the part of the ship given over to the steerage passengers, and looked down upon them, grouped about in the chilly dusk and in the light that fell from their saloon door. Bare-headed women, wrapped in shawls like factory girls, came and went busily with tin pannikins; gaunt men like drovers stood about talking and quarrelling; children tied up in shawls ran backwards and forwards, screamed at by their mothers as they stand screaming at their frowsy, White-chapel doors. A cook came out in his white jacket and threw a paper of sawdust over the side. The wind carried the sawdust back like a cloud among the women and children, and I saw a mother cover her child's eyes quickly with her hands, caring nothing for herself, anxious only to protect her child. In front of the door an old woman was sitting on a tin box, uncared for and unnoticed. The light fell on her face, ravaged by care, and age, and sickness. It was, perhaps, the first time she had ventured out to take the air since leaving Liverpool, and she sat there, like a weather-beaten statue, out of which time and trouble had gradually worn all semblance to joy, to life, and even hope. Age, and exile, and sickness, every human misery seemed to beat its bat-wings round that impassive, suffering face. Later in the evening when again I looked down from the bridge, she was still sitting there, alone.

Thursday. — *Land-ho!* It's half past eleven, and Fire Island is in sight. I look out of the library window and see a long, low sandy shore, just like the last I saw of Lancashire, only that it is patched and painted with snow. I see a lighthouse, from whence they will telegraph our arrival to New York, and a wreck, heaped broken among the sand-dunes. We don't go very fast because of the fog; we keep blow-

ing our great horn like a Triton, but we expect to be at the quay-side at five o'clock. Lunch is really rather a pleasant meal on board these huge Atlantic liners. The member of Parliament hopes with a conciliatory smile I am "none the worse for my resurrection." He regards me as he regards every one else on board — as a constituent, a possible voter, some one to be won over by the irresistible charm of his manner. The pretty American girl opposite remarks pointedly, "It's vurry strange how folk turn up on board at the last moment whom one hasn't noticed before." That's said partly for fear that I should flatter myself I had been noticed, and partly in revenge for a smile I couldn't help our first evening at some rather startling Americanism of hers. The table steward talks to me in the low, cooing voice one uses to an invalid; he calls me by my name (no one says "sir" on the Gigantic), and brings me the *menu* every two minutes. My handsome neighbor gives me an account of her sufferings (nothing to mine), and presses on me a *lemon soufflé* she and her companion have had specially made. They seem to travel in considerable luxury, for their last act before leaving Liverpool was the purchase of a number of chickens for their private consumption *en route*.

How fast the last hours on board fly in compensation for others so torturingly slow. Here's Staten Island and New York harbor; here's the George P. Flick, a ferry boat ornamented with a large gilt eagle, lumbering alongside, and bringing a Customs House officer in a peaked cap. He reminds me I have a fan and a silver box to smuggle. I dispose them about my person with considerable trepidation, and go down into the saloon to sign a paper declaring I have nothing dutiable in my luggage. No more I have; they are both in my pockets. I regard with interest the Customs House officer, the first American I have seen on native soil, and can scarcely answer his questions for staring. He is a handsome, weary man, exactly like one of Leech's volun-

teer officers of 1860, and he writes rapidly, holding the pen between the first and second fingers.

There's Bartholdi's gigantic statue at last, and there are the piers and swing of Brooklyn Bridge. Sam has fastened up all my luggage, and we shake hands heartily. I shall never forget him and the oranges he brought me, stuck on a fork.

As I go down the gangway a crowd of faces look up at me from the dock. A twinkling Irishman darts at me with a telegraph form and a pencil; he leaves them with me with a sweet, wistful smile, and rushes away after others. My luggage is all waiting for me under my initial in the huge shed; I have to open every trunk and bag, and watch large, dirty hands play over my clean linen. Sam comes to shake hands with me again, and gets me an Irishman and a truck to take my luggage to a fly. An Irishman opens the door, an Irishman drives me; the first shop I see is Michael Feeney's saloon bar.

I drive jolting over tramway lines, under elevated railways, between piles of snow as high as the early walls of Rome. I see an unmistakable Irish policeman, in a helmet with a turned-down brim, regarding with admiration a colored lady sauntering through the slush of the sidewalk in goloshes. We are nearly smashed by a cable-car slinking along, ringing a funereal, clanging bell. I see a disused lamp-post; with a dark-red letter-box fastened to it; next, a tall, black, electric light pole. On the lamp-post I read, on one side, *Fifth Avenue*; on the other, *East 26th Street*. On the top of a huge building there's a huge sky-sign, "Admiral Cigarettes, Opera Lights." On the face of it three large clocks tell the time in London, New York, and Denver. As we jolt past, up Fifth Avenue, I read on a board, "Oh, mamie, won't you take your honey boy to see Peter F. Dailey in 'A Country Sport'?" This is New York.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE PROPOSED NILE RESERVOIR.

I.

THE DEVASTATION OF NUBIA.

IN an article which appeared in the last number of this review,¹ Sir Benjamin Baker, a distinguished engineer, has done his best to vindicate the proposed scheme of turning Lower Nubia into a reservoir for the benefit of Middle and Lower Egypt. He discreetly confines his estimate of the damage which the execution of this plan will cause to the loss of the temples and inscriptions at Philæ, and most of his adversaries have been content to confine their opposition to the same ground.

But, as Sir Benjamin Baker and his friends say, they court "the fullest and most unbiassed discussion," it is well to insist that the loss to archaeology and the violation to sentiment caused by the submerging of Philæ are not the only elements in the question, as was stated last month in the adjoining article—the whole of Lower Nubia will be put under water. The flourishing little town of Shelal, containing perhaps one thousand people, with their houses, stores, farms, palm-trees, etc., must be sacrificed; so must all the dwellings and little farms on both sides of the Nile for fifty miles at least, and perhaps as far as the turn of the river at Korosko.

There is not one word in Sir Benjamin Baker's article about the ruthless expatriation of the inhabitants of all this district. And for what purpose? For the enriching of the population of another province! What is to be done with all these poor Nubians? They cannot be driven up into the desert, nor is it shown where any new land can be found for them; if they are to be quartered on the inhabitants of Middle or Lower Egypt, the discontent of both exiles and hosts will go far to counterbalance the advantages of a larger water supply. Moreover, with submerging of houses and farms will follow the ruin of many other temples,

upon which the article in question is silent. What about Debot, Dakkeh, Kalabsheh, Gartass, Tehfa, Dendur, at all of which are picturesque, historic ruins, not thoroughly explored, and inscriptions not yet adequately copied? In the same country there are, doubtless, many inscribed stones, and in the tombs of Coptic Christians many papyrus rolls of the greatest value, yet to be discovered. All this area, so precious to archæology, is to be sunk under the water. The material mischief, however, both actual and prospective, will be enormous quite apart from questions of sentiment. A considerable number of harmless people are to be turned out of their homes, without any provision being proposed for their support, not to say any consideration taken of their feelings.

And for what? Our author tells us that

As to the *absolute necessity* for the construction of a reservoir with the least possible delay no shadow of doubt was expressed by any member of the Commission.

Fortunately, he goes on to explain this absolute necessity. Will the reader believe that it amounts simply to this: an *estimated* gain to the State of 750,000*l.* yearly, and of ten times that amount to the cultivators of Lower Egypt? It is not pretended that this population is in want; it is not true that there is any want in Egypt; the people never were so prosperous since Ptolemaic times; the *absolute necessity* of the engineers is simply the standpoint of greed on the part of the State, perhaps of certain bondholders, doubtless of the farmers in Lower Egypt, of whom Sir Benjamin Baker naïvely tells us that after the perfecting of the barrage near Cairo, and the consequent enormous increase of water supply during the last few years: "Notwithstanding this, the demand for water by the cultivators is as great as ever, and no means exist for *satisfying their wants*" by storing up more water, etc. If the State did not sell water, and so increase its revenues, such a statement might pass for mere

¹ LIVING AGE, No. 2607, p. 743.

philanthropy ; as it does, we may here again translate Sir Benjamin Baker's curious English into its proper equivalent : "No convenient means exist for making more legitimate taxes out of the people," or of satisfying their unlimited demands.

If he complains that he will not take his words in their natural acceptation, we reply that in the present case we deny that any want exists in Egypt, and in any case we are only applying the lesson he himself teaches us concerning his use of the English language. Commenting upon the statement that the majority of the commissioners are absolutely convinced that it is practically impossible to place the dam elsewhere than at Philæ, and upon the very just criticism of the French commissioner, that the word *impossible* was absurd, he says :—

that the British Commissioner [*i.e.*, he himself] thought it was often a *very useful word* in relation to practical problems, and he had indeed used it with good effect when reporting some years ago to a group of financiers on the Panama Ship Canal.

One hardly knows whether to thank him for the honesty of this statement, or for the reverse ; at all events, we now know that whenever he uses the word *impossible*, it may be merely because it is *useful*, especially in making a report to a people whom he cannot easily persuade by argument.

In the present case, Sir Benjamin Baker's impossibility corresponds very well to his necessity. The scheme he advocates is necessary because he is convinced of its soundness ; the scheme he opposes is impossible because he is opposed to it. But however useful he may have found this use of terms when dealing with a group of financiers, he will find it the reverse when dealing with people who understand ordinary logic and ordinary English. It makes us slow to accept his facts, and very suspicious of his arguments. It leads us never to take on trust his necessities and impossibilities, but to sift every one of his statements. Perhaps even more significant than these are his silences. He never tells us that one

of the schemes is to make a reservoir a little above Philæ, thus saving at least that precious island. He will not contemplate the feasibility of making several small reservoirs, thus obviating the risk of one great dam, where an accident might entail a devastation of all the country. He will not tell us definitely the objections to the Wady Rayan scheme, but puts us off with vague generalities.

Why, then, is he so positive that one scheme, and one only is practically possible ? Simply because he is convinced that it will cost less, and so much less that any other plan must be considered extravagant, and a mere expensive luxury to be paid for by any sentimental objectors on the ground of archaeology. Now, in the first place, we cannot be sure that he has correctly estimated the cost of the dam at Philæ. He has said nothing about the indemnity required for the homeless Nubians ; he has said nothing about the yearly loss to Upper Egypt and Nubia from the disappearance of tourists. Mr. Cook could doubtless tell us how many thousands sterling are involved in this latter item. Probably the loss would not be less than one million when capitalized. Although, therefore, Mr. Willcocks's scheme is called the cheapest, it may possibly be the dearest, even in actual outlay of cash. But even on Sir Benjamin Baker's statement, even if the dam below Philæ be the cheapest plan, let us count the cost of its cheapness. If the gain to Lower Egypt is indeed, according to his figures, to be nearly 10,000,000*l.* per annum, would it not be quite reasonable for the country to pay a single half-year of this profit to save its temples, and to avoid disturbing the Nubian population ? If these poor people are as fond of their homes as other nations, the hardship of having these homes put under water to make people five hundred miles off richer is surely a grave objection. If 5,000,000*l.* would avoid this cruelty and save the sentimental primacy of Egypt, is it reasonable to say that Egypt must not pay it, and we must subscribe to sup-

port our fads? To say that the natives do not care about such things and therefore would not pay for them, is only to put them on a level with the engineers who can see no value in antiquities except as vast masses of stone to be hoisted into the air as a display of modern science. Among intelligent and civilized people, the answer could hardly be doubtful. As Sir Benjamin Baker uses an illustration from imaginary English circumstances, so shall I. Supposing the water supply of London, though sufficient, was such that people were ready to pay for twice as much water, and so the engineers declared (in the interests of their profession or of a company) that a great new reservoir was "absolutely necessary," and one plan was to dam up the Thames, so as to submerge all its valley as far up as Oxford, including Magdalen College, which lies close to the river — supposing an alternative were proposed, which could be carried out at the increased cost of six months' income of the expected profit, and which would save all the valley with its villages, its churches, and Magdalen College, would any one in the nation, except an engineer who loved a dam more than a mediæval college, hesitate? We argue, then, that the Kalabsheh dam, or the Wady Rayan scheme, even if costing five millions more than the other alternative, would be the best, and in the highest sense the cheapest, for the country. But Sir Benjamin Baker leads us to believe, by his use of the word *impossible*, that the difference in cost is out of all proportion. Now, will the reader consider the following figures, copied for me by a friend from Mr. Willcocks's report. They are the estimated cost of all the alternatives.

If the dam were constructed at	
Silsileh	1,650,000 <i>l</i> .
Below Philæ	1,400,000 <i>l</i> .
Just above Philæ	1,750,000 <i>l</i> .
Kalabsheh (50 miles above Philæ)	1,600,000 <i>l</i> .

The difference of cost is therefore not worth mentioning. What then,

can have possessed Sir Benjamin Baker to call all the schemes but his own impossible?

For instance, the Kalabsheh scheme, which Mr. Willcocks reports as estimated at 1,600,000*l*., is declared "absolutely impossible on financial grounds alone" as against the scheme which the same authority estimates at 1,400,000*l*. Surely here his fancies have completely overridden his facts. Doubtless, an engineer has sentiment, though of a very peculiar sort. There must be engineering beauties or difficulties in one scheme, as compared with another of nearly the same cost, which make him declare the one perfect and the other abominable. Sir Benjamin Baker and his commission must have fancies like these, which they cannot justify by their own figures. *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*. But is the technical sentimentality of the engineer to override the archaeological and artistic sentiments of the mass of cultivated men?

Still worse is the greed of the financier, or his longing to show an increased surplus in the Egyptian revenue, which overrides all other views of the well-being and civilization of the country. Is it certain that the people would be happy if the shadoof and sakya were abolished, and water sold to them at their doors by a native official? Is it certain that the water of the Nile, cleared of its deposit by standing in huge reservoirs, will not lose a large part of its fertilizing qualities? Are not great experts, like Colonel Ross, opposed to the scheme?

If a clear and unbiassed discussion were indeed desired, such points should be fully and carefully argued. But our author, whose abilities certainly do not appear in the field of controversy, "lets the cat out of the bag" for us on this point also.

Lord Cromer (he tells us), Sir Edwin Palmer, and others, etc., *can and will do the work, in spite of all opposition*, but will look for, and doubtless obtain, the encouragement and support of the home government and of every well-wisher of Egypt in this country.

This can only be described as the language of a set of bullies who have determined upon an act of tyranny, yet are afraid of public criticism. They know perfectly well that almost every well-wisher of Egypt in this country is against them. The home government will probably regard the question simply from its political side, and will be otherwise indifferent. Only the sordid interests of speculators, of greedy financiers, the hopes of contractors, and the curiosity of constructors may be with them; they will never gain over enlightened public opinion. They may dam up the Nile, but they will not dam up public indignation; they may submerge the most beautiful and historic island in the world, but they will not choke the love of the beautiful in the hearts of civilized men—a treasure which no dams can satisfy. They may pretend that they will hoist into the air acres of temples, a scheme perhaps as visionary as many other more reasonable engineering schemes; they will succeed in hoisting themselves into a pillory of public and lasting obloquy.

The claims of the valley of the Nile upon the sympathies of the civilized world, and its importance as compared with the valley of the Indus, or any other river, are of historic importance. The love of history, the care of historical monuments, is one of the main evidences of civilization as contrasted with barbarism, which only comprehends the present and its material interests. It is in the nature of money speculations to lead back even intelligent and well-bred men from the spiritual civilization which their fathers have acquired into the spiritual barbarism from which their ancestors have escaped. The vice of exclusive devotion to finance has infected the whole administration of Egypt, since the departure of the one financier who adds to his special genius for dealing with money an enlightened interest in higher things. Therefore, when Sir Benjamin Baker tells us in conclusion "that the whole question may safely be left in the hands of our able and

tried representatives in Egypt," he asks us to do what the recent history of Egypt commands us to refuse. Lord Cromer and his colleagues have proved over and over again that, in questions concerning the antiquities of Egypt, they are the very last people to be trusted. They have either openly expressed their contempt for this department of Egyptian wealth, or they have used it as a sop to humor the sensibilities of the French, whom they desired to oust from other departments. They have surrendered the whole charge of the antiquities to the French exclusively, so much so that an Englishman, desiring to excavate at his own cost, has to seek permission from a Frenchman in Egypt. They have long neglected to extend police control to the care of tombs and temples, which are being ravaged by natives and dealers without let or hindrance. They have hitherto omitted to find a safe housing for the vast treasures now in danger of destruction at Gizeh. On every question concerning antiquities they have shown themselves either utterly careless or utterly weak. And yet these are the men in whose hands we may safely leave the present problem!

Sir B. Baker, at all events, has not supplied us with a single shred of good argument in favor of the proposed scheme. Perhaps there are other and better reasons for the proposal. If so, let them be produced and subjected to an unbiassed discussion before the commission of what now appears to be a great crime.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

II.

THE SUBMERGENCE OF PHILÆ.

SOME years ago an opportunity was afforded me, in the pages of this review, of calling attention to the destruction that menaced the Arab monuments of Egypt. It would be out of place at the present moment to re-open that discussion except in so far as it bears upon the question of the preservation of the monuments of ancient Egypt.

Less fragile than the graceful struc-

tures that adorn the modern cities of the East, these monuments afford, with their inscriptions, a lasting record of a bygone civilization such as no other country in the world has yielded. At the period referred to it was generally believed that the temples of ancient Egypt were safe in the custody of the eminent men entrusted with their safety and preservation. It is only lately that the decay inseparable from the work of human hands has attracted the attention of the guardians appointed to protect these precious relics. A society has been formed, at the suggestion of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., now director of the National Gallery, for the special purpose indicated by its name—The Society for the Protection of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt. In his capacity of honorary secretary, Mr. Poynter has worked with unremitting zeal in conjunction with his colleagues, among whom may be reckoned several eminent engineers, with the view of securing the objects of the society. Their exertions have, in several instances, been crowned with success. The steps that are being taken for the preservation of the great temple at Karnac will, it is hoped, arrest the disintegration that threatens the columns of the Great Hall, and at Abou-Simbel the Egyptian government has, at the instigation of the society, adopted measures which will protect the temple from a serious danger to which it was exposed. It will readily be believed that the society received with consternation the news that the beautiful island of Philæ with its group of temples—that gem of the Nile which, for a century at least, has won the admiration of every traveller—is menaced with destruction.

The Technical Commission on the question of reservoirs have expressed their unanimous opinion that a reservoir should be constructed in the Nile Valley, rejecting the Wady Rayan project as being too costly; but, after examining the various projects, they disagree as to the one most suitable for adoption. Sir Benjamin Baker and Signor Torricelli are decidedly in favor

of the dam at Assouan. M. Boulé, the third member of the Commission, rejects the Assouan scheme, on account of its interference with Philæ and its temples.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to enter at length into a discussion upon the different phases of a difficult and intricate question, but Sir Benjamin Baker, whose opinion on the engineering features of the case I should be the last to challenge, leaves the opponents of the scheme no alternative but to reply. It is hardly necessary to say that any question involving the welfare of the Egyptian people is deserving of our most anxious consideration. The point where we are at issue is the manner in which that desirable end is to be attained.

Sir Benjamin Baker rests his arguments a good deal upon the belief that the people of Egypt are profoundly indifferent to the preservation of monuments belonging to an age too remote to appeal directly to their understanding; but surely this is an argument that cuts both ways. It is usually regarded as a function of a protecting government to foster every civilizing agent that would promote the welfare of the people. It is true that he offers as a solatium the prospect of more abundant crops, but under a wise and honest system of government, the reverse of that under which the native inhabitants have so long groaned, they would still have enough to render them the envy of many nations less favored by nature so far as the resources of their country are concerned.

The surpassing beauty of the spot and its surroundings have perhaps thrown into the shade other aspects of the question of even greater importance than the threatened submersion of Philæ. A letter addressed to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Somers Clarke calls attention to the disastrous consequences that would ensue if ever this gigantic scheme were carried into effect. The summary inserted in the *Times* of the 13th of April would be too long for insertion here, but a brief extract may help to prove that it is not

only from a sentimental point of view that the question should be regarded. Mr. Somers Clarke writes :—

The irrigation engineers have recommended a vast reservoir, the base of which would be formed by a dam placed at a short distance below the island of Philæ. The dam will create a reservoir of enormous extent, not only drowning the island of Philæ but extending southwards into Nubia for nearly a hundred miles. When full the waters of the reservoir will rise several feet above the highest level of the pylon of the Temple of Isis at Philæ. The rocks surrounding the island are full of hieroglyphic inscriptions ; these will spend many months under water, and there is yet much to be discovered in the immediate neighborhood.

It may be mentioned in passing that the Temple of Isis is adorned with painted columns, the preservation of which is a marvel, considering the age of their construction. Rich harmonies in green and blue, relieved in places by bands of red — colors which the lapse of ages has left almost untouched — will be left to moulder in the waste of waters by which they will be submerged.

Mr. Somers Clarke mentions other structures which would be destroyed, including a Ptolemaic temple at Debôt, retaining its original girdle wall, and Gertasseh, a small hypæthral temple of great beauty and in fair preservation, and the most magnificent temple to be found in Lower Nubia, at Kalabsheh — all to be submerged, and the inhabitants transported he knows not whither.

The concluding passage refers to a matter that seems hitherto not to have been fully considered. How are the unfortunate inhabitants to be compensated for the discomfort and privations which no pecuniary reward can adequately allay ?

The promoters of "the biggest thing in the world" and their underlings will doubtless reap a rich harvest. Undisturbed by the adverse criticism of "mere sentimentalists," which they can afford to despise, they will embark with a light heart in a scheme that will

earn for us the just reprobation of the whole civilized world.

As an instance of the *petitio principii* which it would be hard to match, Sir Benjamin Baker dogmatically asserts that, no other site being available, the thing must be done. When railways were first introduced into Russia it was represented to the Czar Nicholas that a certain projected line should be made to deviate from its intended course in order to avoid injury to some valuable property, upon which H. I. M. called for a rule and drew a straight line from point to point, saying, "That is the direction the line must take. This is the autocratic tone adopted by the English commissioner with regard to the island of Philæ. Frenchmen may exclaim, *rien n'est sacré pour le sapeur*.

Mr. Heathcote Statham, the editor of the *Builder*, alluding to the proposal to meet the case by removing these temples to a neighboring island, writes :—

The mere fact that such a proposal should have been made only shows how totally impossible it is for engineers to understand the architectural aspect of the subject.

In the same connection Mr. Cecil Torr says :—

The temples at Philæ were designed for the island. They follow the curves of the shore and the undulations of the ground in consummate harmony with every feature of the landscape. Put them on another site and all this beauty is destroyed.

It has been the custom with a certain class of archæologists to underrate the Ptolemaic temples of Egypt on the ground that, being comparatively modern, they must necessarily represent a debased period of art, an opinion that I must distinctly traverse. Greek influence has imposed a certain grace of line into their contour that more than compensates for the absence of the massiveness which characterizes the earlier periods of Egyptian architecture. The fact, moreover, that they form a link in the chain that marks their evolution and transition confers upon them a peculiar interest and ren-

ders it all the more imperative that their preservation should be demanded and insisted upon. Eager to seize upon any plea that might seem to favor their designs, these iconoclasts seek to minimize the gain to humanity and true civilization offered to the world by these splendid monuments, and measure their enterprise by its *bigness* rather than by any inherent merit it may possess.

It is difficult to believe that Sir Benjamin Baker can be in earnest when he suggests that the temples at Philæ might be raised above the water level, a feat which he says could be accomplished without injury to a single stone. Yet he insists upon this monstrous proposal in terms that are calculated to appeal to the uncultivated taste of such of his countrymen as would regard this *tour de force* in the same light as an exhibition of strength by an acrobat at the Aquarium. Granting that this treatment of the ruins were capable of achievement, what are the conditions under which they would be seen? Perhaps the best way of answering this question will be to quote Sir Benjamin Baker's own words:—

When raised [he says], the ruins surely must be of greater interest to any intellectual tourist than before. Half of the wonder and admiration excited by the monumental works of ancient Egypt arises from the magnitude of the masses handled and transported by the old Egyptians rather than from their artistic merit. It would be in accord, therefore, with the spirit of the surroundings if *English engineers raised tens of thousands of tons where the Egyptians raised hundreds.*¹

It would be difficult to find words to characterize the absurdity of this statement. Has Sir Benjamin Baker ever condescended to read any of the books descriptive of the temples of Egypt; the great work published under the auspices of Napoleon; in Germany, Lepsius and Ebers; in our own country, Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Flinders Petrie, and many others? Did

these men find nothing to admire in the Great Hall at Karnac, the temple of Luxor, or the wonderful and awe-inspiring Abou-Simbel beyond their measurement and weight? Even a visit to our British Museum would suffice to dispel the illusion that size is the chief element in the grandeur of the Egyptian monuments. Then we are told that from the artistic point of view the appearance of Philæ would be enhanced because the temples would rise out of a wide, placid lake instead of appearing in a hollow!

If, with the permission of Sir Edward Watkin, Sir Benjamin Baker were to conceive the plan of transporting Stonehenge to the summit of Snowdon in order to make room for some projected railway, it would scarcely surpass in extravagance the project of hoisting up the temples. The Cook's tourist credited with the exclamation "How wonderful!" would, it is likely enough, return to his steamer dazzled by the magnitude of this engineering feat, but possibly it might fail to excite the enthusiasm of a class of travellers who would regard these precious relics from a different standpoint.

Passing to the practical consideration of the comparative sites that have been suggested for the reservoirs, Sir Benjamin informs us that:—

The government engineers submitted four projects to the Commission; but, reading between the lines, it was clear enough that they had little confidence themselves in the practicability of three out of the four plans, and they expressly threw the final responsibility of the rejection upon the Commission.

Now it is not for me to dispute the faculty claimed by Sir Benjamin Baker of reading between the lines, but it is unfortunate that we are not in possession of the causes of this want of confidence. This important factor in the consideration of the question is passed over lightly, as if it were self-evident. We are not, for instance, clearly informed of the reasons for rejecting Mr. Cope Whitehouse's "brilliant and original suggestion" in favor of the Wadi Rayan reservoir, except on the ground

¹ The italics are my own.

of expense and certain elements of doubt as regards the supply of water and the effects of percolation. The second government project was that of a dam at Gebel Silsila, where the rock was found to be of inferior sandstone with bands of clay. This scheme appears to have been rejected on more substantial grounds, but neither of the above schemes would interfere with the monuments. The next project was for a dam at Kalabsheh, which it was admitted had many advantages, but was rejected on financial grounds in favor of the only other alternative, the selection, namely, of the Philæ dam. Here M. Boulé, the French commissioner, diverged from the opinion of his colleagues on the ground that it would involve the injury or destruction of the temples at Philæ. This demurrer, redounding as it does to his honor, is a fair index of the reception that will assuredly be accorded to the scheme in France and on the Continent generally.

Now the objections raised to the first three projects on the ground of expense would equally, or perhaps in a greater measure, apply to the Philæ scheme when, coupled with the compensation to the inhabitants of the flooded districts we add the cost of raising or removing the temples—an item the expense of which is only approximately stated. With regard to the suggestion that the temples might be raised so as to dominate the great mass of water intended to be accumulated above the dam, the question arises, What would be the aspect of these buildings at certain seasons, with the river at its normal level? How would the intervening spaces be filled up? At present, resting on their natural level, the fallen stones and *débris* constitute a natural framework to these beautiful ruins. The palm-trees—some of the finest of which have, I regret to say, already been ruthlessly destroyed—would, of course, perish. The acacia-bushes which fringe the shore would suffer the same fate, and the temples would rise in their naked baldness and present a spectacle so ridiculous that their great-

est admirers would rather see them totally submerged. No assurance on the part of the British commissioner that the Temple of Isis, with its frescoed columns, could be raised without injury, will suffice to allay our anxiety on this score. The stones might be raised with safety, but the plaster upon which the colors are laid would infallibly crack and perish.

Sir Benjamin Baker may rest assured that a large number of our countrymen who hitherto have viewed the occupation of Egypt with satisfaction would regard it in a very different light if it involved the destruction of any important monument; and while the question is still trembling in the balance, it behoves all who desire to maintain our position in that country to raise their voices in condemnation of such a scheme. Mr. Gastin, the under-secretary of state, is, we are assured, strongly in favor of saving Philæ, if this can be done consistently with the plan of constructing a dam "on a spot best calculated to serve the interests of the country," and we might find comfort in this assurance were it not vitiated by the fact that he favored the scheme of removing the temples to a neighboring island—meaning probably Biggeh. But this project seems now to have been abandoned in favor of the equally fantastic plan of raising the temples to a higher level—a choice of evils with which we need not trouble ourselves, seeing that either plan would be preposterous.

Nothing could be more infelicitous than the holding up of the present condition of Rome as an example and a justification of the proceedings that threaten to injure or destroy some of the monuments of ancient Egypt. "Two blacks do not make a white," and if the Italians of the present day think proper to deface their capital by "improvements" tending to reduce it to a commonplace modern city, it is an example to be avoided rather than copied. It should, however, be noted to the credit of the Italian government that the antiquities have as far as pos-

sible been spared, so that, although the picturesque element is missing, the archæologist has little to complain of.

That art and engineering have not always been divorced is evidenced in the structures of ancient Rome, and, later, the period of the Renaissance affords examples, especially in Italy, of what their combined forces have been able to achieve. The dark cloud that now obscures the beauty and interest of modern Rome, the utter tastelessness that pervades most of the so-called improvements that render a visit to the sacred city a source of regret to the traveller who knew her before this relapse into barbarism—all this is held up to us as an excuse for the drowning of a vast tract of country in Nubia, culminating in the submersion and, *ipso facto*, the destruction of the island of Philæ.

Sir Benjamin Baker takes exception to the term Vandalism in connection with the proposed destruction of Philæ. It must be admitted that the comparison is hard upon the Vandals, who, after all, were simply barbarians let loose upon the world in search of loot; while the modern engineers, with all the advantages of education and culture, seem to think that the world was created solely as a field for their enterprise and for opportunities of gain. This is apparent in the suggestions they offer us in compensation for the injury they would inflict upon places hallowed by association, and monuments which reflect the mind that conceived them. Absolutely without the *religio loci*, so important an element in the appreciation of architecture, the promoters of this scheme seek to satisfy us by promises the performance of which would either prove abortive or result in a great sham that would render us the laughing-stock of civilized Europe. Fortunately, the commissioners are not the final arbiters on this question. The ultimate decision rests with higher powers, who, it is to be hoped, will not hesitate to condemn a project that would be a stigma upon the British occupation of Egypt.

FRANK DILLON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
IN THE RIVER PEI-HO.

June 25, 1859.

A NAVAL PENSIONER'S STORY.

[The episode which is the subject of this ballad is in every detail historical. For certain incidents, which are now made public for the first time, the author desires to acknowledge his obligations to various survivors of this gallant affair, and notably to Admiral Sir George Ommanney Willes, G.C.B. (who was captain of the Chesapeake); to Paymaster-in-Chief James William Murray Ashby, C.B. (who was secretary to Rear-Admiral Sir James Hope, and who has lent copies of all the official papers and plans bearing upon the subject); and to Staff-Captain John Phillips (who was second master of the Plover, and who saw Flag-Officer Tatnall's boat come alongside, and witnessed or heard what happened subsequently). It may be added that no medal was granted for this hard-fought action.]

A YARN about some victory? — Why, bless you, there's no need

For the likes o' me to spin you one : there isn't, sir, indeed.

The folks as writes in the papers, or as brings out regular stories,

Have told you all you want to know about them naval glories.

There's precious little danger of the victories bein' forgot ;

But, I'm feared, we do a bit forget the actions as was not.

Yet I count it to their credit, when men have done their best,

Though they have to turn their backs at last and leave undone the rest.

There's many a victory, surely, decisive and complete,

As meant a sight less fightin' than a hardly fought defeat :

And if people do their duty, every man in his degree,

Why, defeat may be more glorious than a victory needs to be.

What do I think of furriners ? — Well, they're of many a sort ;

You'll find a different lot of them in every furrin port, —

There's Christians and there's cannibals ; there's yallers, browns, and blacks ;

There's people as is fully dressed with nothin' on their backs ;

But the only kind o' furriner it's pleasure to recall

Is the Yankee, — and, I reckon, he ain't furriner at all.

He is? Well, howsomever, sir, he speaks
like me and you ;
He has a heart inside him ; he ain't French,
nor Turk, nor Jew.
I say he ain't no furriner ; but have your
way, not mine,
Though I don't see how he can be when I
think of "fifty-nine."
Ay! there's a yarn as I can spin — for-
gotten far too soon —
'Bout our defeat in Chiney on the twenty-
fifth of June.

It ain't for me to tell you how the troubles
there began,
Nor I don't pretend to remember the whole
of our admiral's plan ;
'Twas a question of sendin' our envoy up,
by way of the River Pei-ho,
And the Chinese blocked the channel, de-
termined he shouldn't go.
They had thrown three booms across it,
and had lined both banks with forts,
Designed by Roosian friends of theirs, ac-
cordin' to all reports.

Yet, lor! we never dreamt as how the
Chinese meant to fight ;
There's mostwise more of bark, you know,
in them there chaps than bite.
Leastways, we thought, if it came to blows,
they'd have to pay the bill,
For we didn't see no troops about, and the
forts lay wonderful still ;
But a Yankee frigate below the bar had
heard and seen a bit,
And their adm'al's cox'en said to me,
"You'll find you're chewin' grit."

That self-same adm'al — Tatnall — flag-
officer they called 'im,
Was a rum un, so they all agreed, when
things went wrong and galled 'im ;
Yet he was an excellent officer — rough,
p'raps, but bluff and hearty,
And very particular friends with Admiral
Hope and the British party, —
Though I did hear tell that, in eighteen
twelve, in the old American war,
He fought as a mid agin us, and no one
hated us more.

His cox'en, who told me that, explained —
and it may be true, I s'pose —
That a family quarrel ain't the same as a
row with outside foes :
Young brothers will fall to loggerheads
and fight to their heart's content ;
And, in course, it's sad enough to see, but
there ain't no lastin' rent ;

And from what I saw in Chiney, I tell you,
fair and frank,
I shan't complain if I never have a better
friend than a Yank.

Well, the Chinese beggars promised as
they'd do as we desired,
And open the way ; but they didn't stir,
and our adm'al he got tired ;
And at last says he, "We must force the
forts and burst the booms all three,
And clear the road to Tientsin, that our
envoy may go free."
So he took his gunboats across the bar, and
he passed the word of warnin' :
"Be ready to-morrow, the twenty-fifth, at
half past four in the mornin'."

The first boom was of iron piles ; the sec-
ond, of heavy spars ;
The third, of timber baulks, cross-lashed,
and tied with iron bars.
The Chesapeake's skipper, Captain Willes,
that night, with a boat or two,
Crept up in the dark and nearly cut the
second of 'em through ;
But the Chinee rascals, bless your heart,
were not to be done that way,
And they made the whole thing good again
by dawn of the followin' day.

I was then A.B. in the Plover, which
hoisted the blue at the mizen,
When the adm'al came with his staff to
our little packet from his'n.
The 'Possum was sent to the first boom,
and moored to it close as could be ;
There was likewise the Starling and Janus,
the Cormorant, Kestrel, and Lee,
Not forgettin' the Bant'rer and Nimrod,
and, lower down, nearly abreast,
The Haughty and Forester, formin' a kind
of reserve to the rest.

The channel was narrow and awk'ard, and
the stream ran strong in our faces,
And it wasn't no easy matter to get to our
proper places ;
The Starling stuck in the mud on the left,
the Bant'rer stuck on the right,
And the others had many a nasty shave of
gettin' no share in the fight ;
But, by two o'clock in the afternoon, we
were most of us near to our stations,
And the 'Possum, by adm'al's orders,
began to commence operations.

She had made a hawser fast to one of them
spiked iron piles,
And she tugged and tugged at the thing,
and she blew off steam meanwhiles ;

It set me laughin' to see her, for I couldn't
 help thinkin', in truth,
 It was just like a little dentist along of a
 stubborn tooth.
 But the pile came out at last, and gave the
 'Possum room,
 And she and the Plover together moved up
 to the second boom.

I never saw a lovelier day; the sun was
 hot, and the sky
 Was as dark and deep a kind of blue as the
 adm'ral's flag in the "fly;"
 And when we neared the second boom, and
 all lay calm and still,
 It began to seem 's if the Chinees braves
 were wantin' in pluck or will.
 But, bless you, sir, we did them wrong, for
 suddenly every gun
 In the forts blazed down on our little craft;
 there were thirty-five, if one.

They had the range to a nicety, and they
 looked right down on our decks,
 And in half an hour, or little more, the
 'Possum and we were wrecks;
 A shot took Cap'en Rason, cuttin' 'im clean
 in two
 (And no wonder, sir, for he stood there
 right full in the enemy's view).
 And another struck a soldier, M'Kenna was
 his name,
 — A cap'en he was in the Royals, — and
 served him just the same.

The adm'ral he was wounded, likewise the
 second master,
 And, as the afternoon wore on, the men
 fell ever faster.
 One shot 'most cleared our for'ard gun of
 all its proper crew,
 And others tore great holes in us, and cut
 our cables through;
 That's why we drifted down a bit, — it
 wasn't for loss of pluck, —
 There wasn't a man on board us but cursed
 our evil luck.

We drifted, steerin' as we could, until the
 muddy tide
 Carried us down to the Cormorant, and we
 lashed to her starboard side.
 We were not out of range — no fear! — and
 we kep' on firin' hard,
 For our bow-gun cleared the Cormorant's
 bows, though only by a yard;
 But they took the adm'ral out of us, he
 bein' very bad,
 And 'board us there wasn't comfort nor
 quiet to be had.

I'm tellin' how the Plover fared, but I
 won't forget the rest,
 For every single craft engaged did just as
 much her best;
 The Lee and Kestrel, sadly mauled, were
 sunk by the Chinees shot;
 And the 'Possum had been ordered where
 the fire was not so hot;
 Yet the action hadn't slackened much, ex-
 cept on the Chinees side,
 And it looked as if a victory might even
 then betide.

At half past four, or thereabouts, as near
 as I could learn,
 A double-banked cutter came 'longside,
 with the Stars and Stripes at the stern.
 Flag-officer Tatnall, burly and tanned, was
 sittin', as usual, aft,
 And behind him sat his cox'en, my pal of
 the 'Merican craft.
 They came to our starboard gangway, and,
 just as they happened to come,
 Blowed if some Chinees gunner didn't man-
 age to hull my chum.

I thought to myself: "Why neutral folks,
 as hasn't no business here,
 Should be pullin' about in this storm of
 shot is a point as isn't clear;"
 But, when old Tatnall climbed on board,
 and I heard what he'd to say,
 I began to look at the pullin' about in a
 different kind of way;
 For he asked them to take him to Adm'ral
 Hope (which, in course, our officers
 soon did),
 And he said as he trusted he might be of
 use in removin' and tendin' the
 wounded.

He crossed our deck to the Cormorant,
 where our adm'ral's flag was flyin',
 And he left his cutter full of men alongside
 idly lyin';
 And I saw the 'Mericans' eyes on us, as we
 loaded and fired as commanded
 (We were fit to drop from weariness, be-
 sides bein' so short-handed);
 And one says: "Bill, while we sets down
 here we does what we didn't oughter;
 I'm going to help them blokes up there, for
 blood is thicker than water."

So first that one, and then some more,
 slipped shyly aboard the Plover,
 And did a job for the dear old flag as was
 blowin' out ragged above her;
 They didn't say much, and they made no
 fuss, and I scarce know how it was
 done,

But, upon my word, an American crew was
presently workin' our gun ;
And so we rested a welcome spell till Tat-
nall, comin' agen,
Called out, with a roguish look in his eyes :
" This ain't neutrality, men ! "

He'd been to yarn with Adm'ral Hope, and
he'd said there something too
'Bout blood bein' thicker than water ; and,
no doubt, he'd a liked to do
What his boat's crew did without askin', if
only he'd felt so free,

—I mean, to have a slam with us at the
yellow-faced Chinese ;

But, in course, it wouldn't have been the
thing, and he couldn't do less than
say, —

" Come, come, my men, you must quit that
gun ! " in a mock indignant way.

Ay ! that old man was a good un ; and
when the assault had failed, —

For we tried to carry the forts that night,
but the walls could not be scaled, —

He sent his little steamer, a craft called the
Toey-whan,

To help our boats with the wounded, and
he thus saved many a man.

It wasn't the business of neutrals ; he
might have kept apart ;

Nobody wouldn't have blamed him, — only
his kindly heart.

And that's why I draw the line when I
hear our ridic'ulous bluster

'Bout furriners bein' all alike, — not up to
the British muster.

There's furriners as are furriners, and
there's furriners as ain't

(I've met a sight of the first sort, and
there's some as would rile a saint),

But the furriners as ain't furriners, the
only ones I know

Are the Yankee sort as stood by us that
time in the River Pei-ho.

WM. LAIRD CLOWES.

From Temple Bar

THE DECAY OF DISCIPLINE.

THIS phrase sums up the situation
and epitomizes the whole bearing of
modern decadence. The sense of disci-
pline has almost gone. Respect for
duty, as duty against inclination, is
nowhere. Personal desire takes rank
before the general good, and self-
restraint, including obedience to the

law — that virtue which once stood in
the forefront of the Stoic's virile creed
— is now derided as the poor, pinched,
starveling offshoot of a discredited
asceticism. Pleasure, not well-doing,
forms the burden of each man's desire,
and " the hogs of Epicurus' styte " are
cherished in the drawing-room and
suffered to run loose in the streets.
The spirit of disintegration at present
so fashionable, expresses itself in noth-
ing more plainly than in the impor-
tance given to and claimed by the
individual on the right hand — given to
and claimed by bodies of men working
against the interests of the community
on the left ; these bodies of men, by
the way, being simply the extension
of the principle of individualism —
egotism multiplied and magnified by
just so much and so many.

In every department of modern life
we see this same decay of discipline,
backed by excessive regard for the soft
and easy-going of the individual. Hu-
man nature, being at the best but an
imperfect kind of thing as well as in-
finitely subtle, complex, and elusive,
and law being definite in form and
inelastic in substance, it is absolutely
impossible to frame all decrees so as to
cover every conceivable kind of excep-
tion. With the best will in the world,
there must be occasional injustice, if
only by the fact that while the rule is
necessarily the same, the nature of the
recipients as necessarily differs. Hence
the measure dealt out to each alike, is
harder for the one than for the other.
Order, not unchecked individualism, is
the great law of the universe ; and this
order is brought about by the close in-
teraction of forces which must needs
include the partial suppression of the
unit for the common good of the whole.
We see this law, this truth, every-
where. From the flower-seeds buried
in the forest, and prevented from com-
ing to the light because of the over-
powering domination of that forest, to
the strangling of the weaker sapling
by the more vigorous vitality of its
stronger neighbor — from the hands,
which, given favorable chances, " the
rod of empire might have swayed,"

but which fate and circumstances have bound to the flail and the plough, to the man of passions, energies, ambition in excess of the moral law and beyond the limits of social allowance—the full fruition of each individual life, a man's unchecked development on the lines he would most prefer, irrespective of others, is a dream impossible to realize if society is to hold together. But this is the confessed aim of both anarchists and the new hedonists; each sect of revolutionaries doing its best to bring about a time of universal license, the one by murder and dynamite, the other by the "roses and raptures" we know of; the one desiring free trade in property so that no one shall hold for himself what his neighbor desires, the other advocating unabashed indulgence in every form of voluptuousness and pleasure. And both fling to the winds, as so many cobwebs brushed from the glittering mosaic, the duty of self-restraint, the obligations of discipline, the necessity of partial subordination for the general good.

For much of this, one section of the press is mainly responsible. Certain of our "democratic" journals take it in hand to weaken wheresoever and whenever they can all respect for authority, simply because it is authority. Like the typical miner: "'Ere's a stranger, let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im,'" these exaggerated democrats cry out: "Here's a law, let us villify it. Here's a man in authority, let us slate him." Dealing with the army, they encourage that kind of emasculating self-pity, those whining expositions of minor disagreeables, which are to military discipline what dry-rot is to the beams and rafters of the temple. They open their columns to anonymous accusations and unproved statements which spread like wild-fire among the rank and file and create a general spirit of dissatisfaction of no good to any one. They re-try all cases; cavil at all judgments; "pillory" all local magistrates who dare to administer the law as it stands, and who, knowing the private lives and previous record of offenders, administer with strict justice and with-

out that mercy which belongs only to "extenuating circumstances." Everywhere they plead for pity for the criminal and oblivion for the victim. Punishment is an offence to their loose notions of morality; and the liberty of which they claim to be the most faithful exponents does not include the right of repression or the justice of reprisals. It is all part and parcel of the decay of discipline which characterizes our present day. It reproduces in our time and age the conditions of the old Roman Decline, preceding the final Fall.

In the growing-time of nations, as of other organisms, the law is one of increase, of aggregation, of compact welding together of the several parts and minor members. In the time of decay before dissolution, the law is that of disintegration. Branches fall and leaves are shed, and the once flourishing oak becomes a scarred, unsightly wreck. When nations wish to make themselves strong they absorb those smaller neighboring countries which, isolated, are so many sources of danger, but, unified and consolidated, create imperial strength. In our own time Italy has formed a homogeneous nation out of her various principalities, each in deadly rivalry with the other. Genoa and Naples, Rome and Florence, Venice and Palermo were all classed under the one generic head of Italy, but they were really hostile forces massed behind frail barriers which divided but did not protect them. So with Germany. These two countries saw the advantages of a compact nationality, and the disadvantages of a congeries of individual kingdoms without cohesion and therefore without power. Hence Italy made herself into a nation under the one same law, the one same government, and Garibaldi as the hand, Cavour as the head, accomplished a feat in modern history paralleled only by the like unification of Germany. This has not been brought about without pain and loss to individual states and persons; but the good of the community, the splendor and strength of the empire, were held

of more value than the partial loss to certain members, and the result has justified the forecasts of the promoters.

In like manner the United States resisted the attempt of the South to dissolve the Union. That old fable about the bundle of sticks was their practical text; and the motto on which they acted was: "United we stand, divided we fall." These three nations have all been made and saved by patriotic men sincerely devoted to the good of their country, and not afraid of responsibility nor averse from such amount of suffering as must needs accompany all great efforts. It has been reserved for some of us—the degenerate offspring of a decadent time—to palter with high treason under the softening euphemism of Home Rule. Philosophic radicalism stands as the verbal sponsor for the disintegration of the empire; and the weak-backed plea is—the Irish want it. That is, the Celtic peasantry, inflamed by the Roman Catholic priesthood and the professional politicians, cry out for what they believe will give them the land for nothing and coals for the trouble of digging. "Why not give them what they want?" say those to whom the decay of discipline is as an enlarged charter of generous freedom. It is so much more pleasant to say yes than no, and why should one be disagreeable and forbidding? If Ireland wants to separate herself from us, in Heaven's name why not?—Ulster, by the way, not coming into the picture at all.

In the same way we have philosophic radicals and cosmopolitan universalists who go out to India to teach the blessings of self-government to a country composed of different religions, different races, different castes, all impossible to be welded together into a compact and equal whole like Germany or Italy—a heterogeneous mass only to be held by a predominant superintending power. But we—this power—are to be gradually superseded by—what? The warlike Mohammedan, intolerant, tyrannical, fanatical? The learned Baboo, supple, subtle,

hair-splitting, incapable of large generalizations? The Parsee, purely mercantile? The Brahmin with his iron-cast systems, destructive of all spontaneity, all kinds of freedom? The difficulty of our fit successor does not enter into the account—no more than the difficulty of Ulster enters into the Home Rulers' account. Let but the individual be gratified and a fig for elemental principles, or for the community, the future, the integrity of the empire!

It is like the weak complaisance of indulgent nurses when children cry for some costly ornament as a plaything. They are sure to break that fine old Satsuma vase; they will infallibly lose that rare gem; but let them have it if they want it. Why should they cry when they could so easily be pacified? And the inheritors of those priceless treasures—the heirs to that threatened property, what of them? Inheritors and heirs are but insignificant folk in the estimation of Home Rulers; and the disintegration of the empire in the "autonomy" granted to Ireland with its Celtic population and its men of Ulster—to India with its hostile races and irreconcilable religions—is but another form of that decay of discipline from which we are suffering.

The woman question is perhaps the most striking of all those forms of decay. The sex has never been famous for its aptitude to yield a willing obedience to authority, unless backed by force. Supported only on reason and the general good, law for the most part fails to impress the feminine mind, and the working result has ever been—when women can evade a law or break a rule, without punishment to follow, they do. We see this spirit now rampant and raging. From smokers to drilled volunteers, from Dodo to the Heavenly Twins, the modern woman renounces the old forms which once restrained her and differentiated her from men on the one hand and the Lotties and Totties of the Haymarket on the other. Now that differentiation is so slight as to be scarcely discernible. The Chevalier d'Eon would find

herself in good company were she to reappear on the earth to-day; and the Dubarry would not be singular, either in her own origin or in her imitators. The unique seed, however, that we have planted, with the hideous flower resulting, is the Revolted Daughter, that last expression of indiscipline and decay—that flourishing candidate for initiation into corruption. In the worst times of French decadence the girls were assumed to be fenced off and kept sacred. Even under Louis XV., an unmarried mistress was a public scandal. But modern English ladies of name and position, of unblemished repute in their own persons, have not blushed to advocate the theoretical instruction in vice and the practical participation in coarse pleasures and immodest liberties of unmarried girls, simply because restraints are irksome.

The decay of discipline, indeed, of which we speak obtains nowhere more than in our homes. The old-fashioned ideas of subordination and authority have gone, like the old-fashioned order of chivalry and the dead-and-done-with sentiment of clanship. The obedience formerly exacted by parents and paid by children ranks among the lost arts and destroyed graces. The tone of domestic life altogether is changed; and if any one is under the yoke of discipline, it is the husband for the first part, and the parents for the second. According to our most resonant oracle in this matter, if the mother exercises, or tries to exercise that authority which age, experience, and maternity itself have hitherto been supposed to confer, as by the nature of things, the girl rushes off to some fashionable doctor, or as fashionable divine, to confide her troubles to ears sympathetic with the physical sufferings involved in nervous irritation, and to those which understand the mental distress of thwarted desires. Of course it is to be supposed that the mother is always to blame, and the daughter always deserving of pity. That the mother should be the victim and the daughter the tyrant, does not seem to strike those sympathizers as among the possibilities of the situation.

Authority, because authority, must be the only thing in fault; and the decay of discipline is to the good of all concerned. We do not say that mothers are always impeccable; far from it. When they fail in the true maternal instinct, and either coerce or neglect their daughters—when they set these daughters the bad example of levity—and worse—in their own lives, and let them become runagates because they are inconvenient as companions or damaging as witnesses; when they keep them as schoolgirls till they are nineteen or more, simply to defer so long as they are able the uncomfortable confession included in their appearance—then is the balance of wrong on the maternal side; and the girls are but to be pitied if they become insolent, intractable, fast, and Dodoesque. These are, however, the exceptions; and the Revolted Daughter, for the most part, belongs to a good mother whose main fault has been her weakness.

The relative value of things does not count with those who advocate the rights of individuals without considering the whole result. It is as if they should rejoice when a wood is burnt down, because all manner of suppressed weeds and wild flowers have then leave to spring to the surface. The oaks and elms, beech-trees and poplars, all good for the service of man and the profit of society, lie in charred and blackened masses; but by their sacrifice, acres of ground-ivy and blue speedwell, of wood-betony and enchanter's nightshade, please the eye and fulfil their own law. Yet no great thing has ever been done in life where the material was more considered than the result. All grand work demands individual sacrifice, and lives are well given for the establishment of an enduring achievement. The workmen who lost their lives, say, in the building of the Forth Bridge, the soldiers who have died in defence of their country, the martyrs who were slaughtered for the maintenance of truth, all have been individual lives sacrificed for the greater gain of the community. And all have given themselves under the

law of authority and by the welding power of discipline. If the puling sentiment of modern times, by which the individual is made of more importance than the community, and personal discomfort ranks before the splendor of an everlasting achievement, if this had been the rule in days gone by, we should not have risen above the baser level of barbarism, we should never have come to the grandeur of a nationality, nor to the glorious dignity of discipline. For discipline is dignity. It is a nobler thing to be one of a magnificent community, under supreme laws, belonging to an imperial organization, giving and receiving, sacrificing and endowed, than to be a mere unit isolated and unsupported, whose freedom is desolation, and whose liberties include neither communal interaction nor legal protection. The higher we go in self-conscious life, the more we find this sense of communal interaction, which necessarily includes the partial suppression of individualism — this obedience to discipline, wherein consists true liberty. The apotheosis of individualism is to be found in autocracy. The tyranny of such men as King Theebaw, Runjeet Singh, and the like is individualism in *excelsis*. The disciplinary prohibition of laws by which one man may not hurt another, and the compacted interaction of the various members of a community, are the true and only methods of freedom known to civilization. Our modern contempt for this disciplined interaction is a step backward, not forward; it is exchanging order for confusion, and co-ordination for chaos.

The present has lost some beautiful possessions of the past. Manners are ruder, and, if morals are no more lax, modesty is less exact. Waxed fat we kick; and patience, with obedience to authority, lies in the limbo of the effete and done with. The House of Commons rebels against the Constitution by which it exists at all; and, like fretful children when denied their desire, the Radical members strike the restraining hand of constituted authority. The press encourages discontent with

things as they are, and sows the seeds of mutiny at all four corners. The Sunday demonstrators in Hyde Park preach sedition, blasphemy, and reforms brought about by dynamite and anarchy. Our daughters revolt against the authority of their parents and the restraints of maidenly modesty; and our women rebel against the limitations, the functions, and the duties of their sex. It is the hour of disintegration all through — in imperial politics, society, and the home. And only when we have come back to a due sense of the moral grandeur and social strength which lies in discipline and co-ordination, shall we have shaken off this present nightmare and reawaken to the true knowledge of relative values.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE CAPE OF STORMS.

THOUGH every schoolboy presumably knows to a nicety where the Cape of Good Hope is situated, there does undoubtedly prevail in less enlightened circles some vagueness of conception as to the exact locality of that celebrated headland. Even the gentle reader (to take an instance) is faintly conscious of uncertainty, and answers (if questioned politely) with a briskness not born of conviction: "The Cape of Good Hope? Why, of course I know where it is; down at the end of South Africa."

Gentle reader you are not very far out, fifty or a hundred miles, perhaps. And, as you say, it is not of the slightest consequence from a practical point of view. In the interests, however, of abstract science, I ask leave to mention (having recently obtained the information on the spot), that the Cape of Good Hope lies at a considerable distance from the end; and is in fact the middle one of three promontories, severally inconspicuous, which jointly terminate a slender peninsula, some twenty miles in length, forming the barrier between False Bay and the Atlantic Ocean on the west. These three headlands, lying near together,

and commonly undivided on a map of moderate scale, are locally designated Cape Point. It was here that Bartholomew Diaz first encountered in full force the prevalent south-easterly gales, and denounced the rugged, threatening, threefold promontory under the sounding appellation of the Cape of Storms; to be afterwards rechristened by pious, trustful hearts, the Cape of Good Hope. The Cape of Storms, the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Farewell! Is there nothing in a name?

As touching old Diaz, this brave Portuguese sailor was not, by a good many centuries, the first to double the Cape of Storms. More than two thousand years before him certain Phœnician explorers circumnavigated Libya, that is Africa, from the east, in the reign, and by the command, of Pharaoh Neco king of Egypt. The pages of profane history show nothing more indisputably authentic than their story. It actually corroborates itself; listen to Herodotus. "They sailed," these silent Phœnician mariners, "out of the Red Sea and southward, returning to Egypt in the third year, by way of the Pillars of Hercules [the Straits of Gibraltar]. They reported (a tale to me incredible, believe it who may), that in rounding Libya they had the sun on their right hand." The sun in the north! Good, wonder-loving, story-telling Herodotus can believe a good deal, but not this. Through a vista of twenty-three centuries we seem to see him slowly smile and wag his head, and even to catch some muttered, half-audible allusion to the Horse-Marines.

But this is, after all, another story, more interesting to scholars and archaeologists than to us. To come to my own; I went down, at George's invitation, to spend a month at his farm, which occupies the whole southern portion of the Cape peninsula. It was a comfort to turn my back upon the dust and noise and manifold offences of Cape Town. The train, slowly skirting Simon's Bay, landed me in an hour or two at Simon's Town terminus, not of railroads only, but of roads generally, with all other signs and prod-

ucts of civilization. Beyond this I had twelve or thirteen miles to walk over an unknown land. A kind of a path there was, for the first mile or two; but this soon faded in the wilderness, and, finding that it led nowhere, became extinct. It was midday and midwinter, the month of June to wit, elsewhere leafy, but not here. On and on I walked down this strange, stony, flower-bespangled peninsula, a land of songless birds and scentless flowers, of unfamiliar forms and hues. Gorgeous branching hyacinthine blossoms, crimson, orange, and purple, without leaf of green, burst here, there, and everywhere from great white cloven bulbs and burned, unnaturally luxuriant, on the shadeless, yellow ground. Short-eared rock-rabbits (mysterious creatures allied to the elephant and rhinoceros) flickered in and out of their stony burrows. Brilliant spotted beetles jaunted on unheard-of legs, high and dry above the dusty soil. The sun himself was crossing the meridian from right to left behind me, and throwing the shadow backward on the dial. As if to enhance the strangeness of the solitude, a single telegraph wire crawled over inaccessible places on great gaunt stilts, eighty or a hundred yards asunder, leaning and straddling in all directions, black as gibbets against the sky. Leading as they ultimately did to the lighthouse, and passing at no great distance from George's farm, these might have guided me, had I been able to follow them; but they suddenly veered to the right, sprawled over an impossible ravine, and sped away to the western coast-line, leaving me to steer southward by the sun.

Strolling hour after hour through this painted desert I mounted at length upon a higher, narrower ground. Here the still blue bay and the mistier ocean closed in on either hand; and the southern half of the peninsula stretched and spread in view before me, lying, tinged with a flush of innumerable flowers, high upon the waste of level sea. Far ahead stood the lighthouse on the extremity, remote, and barely discernible, till on a sudden, its lantern

returned a ray of the northern sun, and a dazzling white star flashed out in the daylight on the summit of the Cape of Good Hope. As I walked farther, the peninsula lay lower and broader. Nothing was visible here except the sky and the jagged surface of the undulating land. As I surmounted its successive crests, sweep after sweep of rock-strewn valley met my wearied eyes. The twelve miles seemed to have extended themselves at least to twenty, and the sun had nearly completed his course, when at last, in the far distance, I sighted George's house, lying long and white against the opposite slope of a broad, low vale. But in proportion as my spirits were raised by the nearness of my goal, so they fell with the increasing irregularity and difficulty of the ground, here cut up into rifts and miniature chasms of the limestone rock, there impeded by loose stones and boulders, choked by yielding heather or altogether hidden by bush. As I lay down to drink at a peaty pool of rain-water, the sun dropped suddenly behind the ridge, and night came on in strides. I stumbled on in the direction of George's farm, now invisible, with every prospect of missing it, and finding myself hopelessly benighted in the wilderness; but, to my great relief a light gleamed forth from a window and guided me through reed-brakes, thickets, melon-patches, potato-grounds, fences (sunk and otherwise), and finally, oh joy! a gate; and then, like a shipwrecked sailor staggering on firm land, I emerged upon a solid gravel path.

Here was George's farm at last, visible in dim outline, apparently a commodious and desirable family mansion springing out of this unearthly waste. Through the large window I espied the back of George's head as he sat reading in an easy-chair. He heard my footstep, rose, and disappeared; while, dazzled by the lamp light, I stumbled over the threshold, and opened the door by the simple process of falling against it.

"Hullo!" said a familiar voice. "Who goes there?" "Friend," I

answered, recovering myself. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," said George, grimly smiling, and meeting me with outstretched hand. I had not seen him since he came into his extravagantly out-of-the-way possessions, bought by his father a year before. There he stood, somewhat sterner of mien, and looking considerably older than his twenty-five years, well finished in feature and limb, and as spick and span in this solitude as if he had just returned from a garden-party at Government House.

I threw my knapsack into a corner, and myself into a low chair. "I never was so thankful in my life, as when I saw your house just before sunset. I made sure I should have to camp out in this outlandish desert of yours."

"You did run it rather close," said George; "I expected you two hours before this. You would have found it awkward getting here after dark, at any rate if you had lost the path."

"Path!" I said. "What path? I haven't seen the ghost of a path for the last ten miles at least. I've been steering by the sun (and that went the wrong way) till I saw your light."

"Oh, there's a path right enough," said George, "though I admit it's not easy to find it, if you don't know where to look. There's a wagon-track too, if you come to that, away behind over there." George jerked his head backward towards the west. "You wouldn't have seen my place though from that. Well, here you are anyway; come on and eat."

Supper over, we sat smoking at the open window looking out upon the cool night. The sky, though star-lit, was intensely dark, while low on the horizon a yellower star waxed four times every minute to a steady piercing glow that seemed to cut the darkness like a knife.

"How far off is that lighthouse?" I asked.

"Four and a half miles as the crow flies," answered George. "Which reminds me that Starling (he's the lighthouse-keeper) wants you to go over and stay a day or two with him. He

lives up there with his wife and family, and though he has a partner, it's pretty lonely. You'll see him in a few days; he always calls here when he goes to Simon's Town. Let's have a game of cribbage."

He drew a small table up to the window, and we played cribbage for love, with due solemnity and a pervading sense of calm. I know no more tranquillizing game.

After a night of troubled dreams, not uncommon amid strange surroundings, I awoke, rejoiced to find myself at George's farm. I was in a large and lofty chamber on the ground floor; there is seldom a second story in these Dutch-built houses. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the sun shone upon my face, over-topping the rising ground that shut in the homestead on the east and west. I dressed and went out on the terrace, which ran along the western front of the house. Southward the view was more open, the end of the valley being closed by the promontory, with the lighthouse crowning it, looking curiously near and neat. Scattered on the stony slopes near the homestead cattle were straying untended, grazing on such patches of herbage as they could find. The kraals for housing them stood near by in rather a ruinous condition. A certain space, not large, was inclosed, and cultivated at least to the extent of being clear of stones and bush; elsewhere melon-vines crawled over the barren ground. At some distance George was standing, dressed with great neatness, and superintending the work of two or three Kafirs, who, judging from their merry faces, as well as from the absence of assignable motive, were digging in the sand for fun. George joined me at the gate.

"I wonder what you think of the place," he said. "You see it's all very fine and large, but I can't get anything to grow here, except watermelons and flowers. The property doesn't pay anything, of course, at present; but the governor knows what he is about. They are forming a company to work the limestone down at the Point. They

will make a railway down here from Simon's Town, and probably a fashionable watering-place, built on my ground for invalids and people from the colony and from England. I shall be a millionaire," said George gloomily, "if that is any satisfaction to anybody."

"Well, cheer up," I said; "things might be worse than that. Let's go and look over that ridge."

We strolled down the slope and over a plank which bridged a dry groove at the bottom of it. "What is this?" I asked George.

"This is a river," George answered, "belonging to me, the southernmost river on this peninsula. It rises over there to the west, and flows, as you see, beneath this bridge and out into Simon's Bay. Sometimes it contains water, but that is only after rain."

Quitting with reluctance the banks of this delectable stream, we walked up and over the further slope. In less than a quarter of a mile George's farm, so far as it consisted of buildings or other tokens or signs of man's presence, had disappeared as completely as if it had been swallowed up in the earth. We stood in the primeval wilderness. The ground sank away to the shore of the bay about a mile distant, and between us and the blue water a herd of antelopes were grazing, apparently on stones. "Look there!" said George excitedly, stooping down. "Just my luck! there's a splendid shot for you!" As he spoke the leader threw up his head and sniffed the air; and the whole herd, startled into precipitant flight, swept away and vanished like a ripple over the corn. On the other hand, a great solitary ostrich, black with white wings, stalked slowly past us at no great distance, raising and ruffling his plumage, picking his steps and swaying his supple neck with fastidious deliberation and ostentatiously ignoring our presence. Before us spread the great square expanse of False Bay, with the bold outline of Cape Hangklip standing sentinel at its south-eastern corner, and facing, as if in stern salutation across twenty miles of water, the hither guard

on the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope. Even beyond Cape Hangklip a faint line of coast was discernible trending over southeastward, and terminated by the summit, just visible above the horizon, of Danger Point.

"I don't know how you feel," said George, "but breakfast is what I am thinking about. We'll take a walk round afterwards with the guns. There's plenty of game on the estate; partridges, pheasants, reet-buck, spring-buck, to say nothing of lions, tigers, and other fearful wildfowl; but for goodness sake, whatever you do, don't shoot a baboon. I shot one last year, and I haven't got over it yet. She was a female, who had come over the fence with a young one after the pumpkins, and I let drive at her from the window. I knew it was murder all the time, and half hoped I should miss her; you know how I mean. Well, she died, screaming for all the world like a woman, and trying to screen her little one, thinking I was going to fire again. Ugh! it makes me feel like Cain."

In spite of this gruesome reminiscence we managed on returning to the house to eat a few pounds of venison-steak for breakfast; and after a matutinal game of cribbage (a relaxation which we allowed ourselves at any odd hour of the day) we took a gun and a rifle and went a-hunting.

"You shoot partridges," said George, "and I'll look after the buck. It's lucky there are two of us now. When I am alone, as sure as ever I go out with the rifle, I put up covey after covey of partridges, but no buck. I take the gun, perhaps an hour afterwards, and see buck by the dozen, but never a bird. It's a funny world."

"I've known things go contrary, myself," I said. "I wonder which sort of a morning this will be."

It proved to be a partridge morning. The birds were tame, and hard to miss, and it fell to my lot to make the bag. Though we saw spring-buck in the distance, we failed to get within range, or if we succeeded, missed, — no difficult feat at half a mile. Having had enough of it, we returned home to

dinner, and spent the rest of the day reading novels, conversing, and playing the unfailing game.

I made the acquaintance of Starling one morning when he called in on his way back from Simon's Town. Tall, bearded, and grave of deportment, leading an ass equipped with panniers and accompanied by a villainous-looking black attendant, he reminded me of nothing so much as a calendar from the pages of the "Arabian Nights." Originally (indeed for the greater part of his life) he had been a common sailor, a class of men whose excellent qualities are usually exhibited in the rough. Starling was a gentleman, if refinement of mind, showing itself in courtesy of speech and act, give title to the name. He invited me with great cordiality to pay him a visit, and I arranged to go one day in the next week, especially as George had been called away on some unwonted business which would detain him at least two days in Simon's Town.

On the day appointed George rode off northward on his favorite horse, small, wiry, and unshod, and I set out in the opposite direction to visit my friend the lighthouse-keeper on the Cape of Good Hope. Acting on George's advice, instead of making a bee-line across country direct for the lighthouse, I bore westward to the right, and about two miles from the farm struck the wagon-track which winds along the coast. Towards the southern extremity of the peninsula, where the promontory rises higher and higher, the road ascends, well-cut and well-kept, by a gentle gradient up the western face of the cliff. It was by this road that the government wagon brought stores and material to the lighthouse-keepers every month, and weekly communication was kept up by messenger from Simon's Town.

There was something companionable and exhilarating about this smooth, firm road. Cactus, aloes, and other foreign-looking vegetation fringed it on the inner side, growing with a regularity which almost suggested the care

of man. High on the left the lighthouse with its out-buildings came suddenly into view, whiter than the clouds that flecked the dark blue sky, while far beneath the South Atlantic sparkled and danced in the sun.

As the road curved sharply round the southern angle of the cape and hid itself from view, the voices of laughing children broke upon my ear; and a slender girl in a white dress and straw hat appeared round the bend, leading a donkey, on which a much smaller boy, perhaps three years old, was riding. Where did these sailor's children, born and bred in the wilderness, get the delicacy of their looks and speech and manner? It was Starling's clear grey eyes that looked at me from under the shade of the broad hat.

"Father told me to say, if I met you, that you are very welcome, and to show you the way to our house. He is busy in the office. Willie, you must kiss this gentleman."

Matters being thus placed, once for all, on an easy and amicable footing, we all turned and ascended the hill together, and emerged on a kind of plateau sloping upwards towards the apex of the promontory, where it was cut short by the precipitous descent. The lighthouse stood nearly at the extremity, mounted high on a tumulus of rock, so that its base was only reached by steps. Below, and some fifty yards northward, two flat-roofed dwelling houses lay just down the western slope, thus protected from the south-east storms. The whole was brilliantly whitewashed, terraced in front, and built with the square and solid regularity of a fort.

I was led in by the children, and made my salutations to their mother, of whom I will only say (if I may presume to speak at all) that she filled the position she held, as she would doubtless have filled any other, with womanly kindness and grace. It was not England, but the Cape of Good Hope. A little bedroom had been tastefully decked with flowers for my reception. Everywhere, on every face, there was evidence of that sincerity of kindliness

which may underlie the formal politeness of ordinary society, and, on the other hand, may not.

After we had chatted a good while, about England, George, Cape Town, children, cooking, and other topics of mutual interest, Starling came in from the telegraph-house, and we all sat down to dinner in the little parlor, with a feeling (I can answer at least for one of the party) of great contentment and ease. I found, not without surprise, that I was not the only guest. It was characteristic of Starling that, small as were his means, he entertained at his cottage in perpetual hospitality an old sailor-mate of his younger days. "Jimmy" was his unofficial name; the children addressing him as "grandfather," though he was unconnected with the family by any closer tie than the bonds (elsewhere more elastic) of love. Though somewhat bent by years, he was a wiry old man, with a strong, shrewd, kindly face. Jimmy kept himself in the background during the greater part of the meal, possibly out of deference to strangers; but towards the end came forward with an observation, "There's a donkey down the road hard and fast to a telegraph-post," and immediately effaced himself.

"That's Peter," said Starling explanatorily to me, alluding to the black servant. "Brown, my mate, sent him in again to Simon's Town the day before yesterday, but I suppose he got on the spree, poor fellow. When he does that, it often takes him two days to get back. He keeps lying down to sleep, you see, but first always makes the donkey fast. He'll be turning up just now, you'll see."

After dinner Starling fetched a telescope, and carefully scanned the road far beyond its limit of visibility to the naked eye. "There they are," he said, "both of them. And now you'll like to see the lighthouse perhaps? Come along this way."

Following Starling closely I entered the lighthouse by a low doorway, and mounted a narrow spiral stone staircase dimly lighted by loopholes in the thick wall. It was like climbing up

the tower of an old church, only far cleaner. "Mind your head," said Starling as the darkness dispersed. "Here we are." We stepped into a polygonal chamber about fifteen feet across. Every side was glass, nothing but glass, framed between slender iron pillars which seemed far too slight to support the roof. This, however, with the aid of the plate-glass they certainly did; there was nothing else to support it, except the thin steel shaft which ran vertically up the centre of the room to a socket in the roof.

The first natural impulse was to walk slowly round the chamber, drinking in the view through each separate pane. On the north side the wilderness stretched away to where in the dim distance Table Mountain reared its canopy of cloud. Passing eastward, the eye took in at one survey the vast blue surface of False Bay, hundreds of square miles in extent, and followed the opposite coast-line as far as the grim promontory of Cape Hangklip guarding the entrance on the east. The three remaining quadrants of the circuit, from east by south and west and round again to north, presented an unbroken horizon-line of sea.

After sating my eyes with this magnificent prospect I turned to examine the interior of the lighthouse, and stood lost in admiration at the simple mechanism of the revolving lanterns which flash their warning from the Cape of Storms. Throughout the night, four times every minute, a beam of light streams out to every point within the circumference of the visible horizon, distant at our altitude some five and thirty miles. Yet the light which pierces to this great distance at any given moment on a dark, clear night, is emitted by a flame no brighter and no bigger than the flame of an ordinary duplex drawing-room lamp. Imagine such a lamp burning at a distance of, say, half a mile. Its light is radiating upwards, downwards, north, south, east, west, and in all intermediate directions; so that the eye receives only an inconceivably small fraction of the whole amount of light emitted,

nothing like a millionth part. And yet the lamp is seen. What, then, if the whole of the light, instead of being dispersed, were concentrated and directed towards you in a single beam? Its intensity would be enormously increased. No longer seen with difficulty it would glow out with a dazzling brilliance in one direction, and except in that direction it would not be seen at all. All that is required, then, to render a lamp visible for thirty, a hundred, yes, in the absence of obstruction, even a thousand miles, is an apparatus that shall collect and divert the whole, or much, of its light into a single narrow beam of parallel rays. Here is the apparatus; these four huge, black, round-ended extinguishers just over our heads. They are fixed horizontally, with open end directed outwards at the extremities of four arms, set at right angles to one another (like four fingers of a sign-post) on the upright central shaft. They are not really extinguishers. On the contrary they are concave mirrors, polished on the inside to the highest pitch of brilliancy, as you can see if you stand on tiptoe and look in. The lamp, an ordinary oil-flame, is set far down, almost out of reach. The curvature of that deep mirror is paraboloid; the lamp sits in the focus thereof, and by virtue of a property of the curve called a parabola, all the rays which fall from the lamp on to the mirror, — forwards, backwards, upwards, downwards, and sideways, in short, nearly the whole of the light it gives out — are diverted by reflection into one and the same course, and issue from its mouth a single, brilliant beam of light. There are four lamps with their mirrors; and therefore four beams at right angles shooting to the remotest verge of the horizon. Shaft, arms, mirrors, lamps, and sweeping light-beams are caused to rotate regularly once in a minute, or in any other time required, by simple clock-work mechanism set in motion by a heavy weight which falls down the centre of the tower; and the rate of movement is regulated by this vane, which is made to revolve very rapidly,

here on the centre-table, and which can be so adjusted as to encounter a greater or smaller resistance from the air.

"You seem to be interested in those lanterns," said Starling, reappearing suddenly at the low doorway.

"Hullo," I said, "you went out very quietly. Yes, I am interested, I confess. My notion of the inside of a lighthouse was something quite different from this. Considering the tremendous distance you can see the light, I expected to find hundreds of lanterns, at least."

"No," said Starling, "only these four; and you only see one of them at a time. It takes a lot of work to keep those mirrors bright and the machinery in perfect order, I can tell you. That is done in the daytime, of course. Then one of us has to be here all through the night. Letting the light out, even for a minute, would mean dismissal, if any ship saw and reported it. It's a lot of responsibility, year after year. Brown and I divide the nights into two watches, from sunset to midnight, and from midnight to sunrise, and we take them alternately. So you see I'm off duty every other day for twenty-four hours at a stretch. It comes less tedious to make a dog-watch of it, instead of taking the same hours every night; and we get time to go to Simon's Town and back comfortably when we want to. You haven't seen Brown? He's off somewhere to-day in his new boat, fishing. That's his wife down there in the yard. Clever woman; knows all the code-signals, and the telegraph too, and works 'em better than he can. Every ship that comes into Simon's Bay signals her name and port of sailing to us, and we telegraph them at once to Cape Town. I'm slow myself at that business."

"We ought to be able to see George's farm from here," I said, looking northward. "The lighthouse is plain enough from it."

"Well, so you can see it," said Starling, "over there, just where that dark line ends. That's the vlel, what he calls his river, running past his house. Look through this glass."

With the aid of the telescope I could see the house with surprising distinctness.

"I sometimes see George with the glass," said Starling, "if he happens to be standing against that light face of the house, the end where your bedroom window is. I saw *you* three or four days ago; at any rate I saw George and another man. I knew George by his white helmet five miles away. When a telegram comes for him and I have no messenger to send, I flash to him with a looking-glass. It's easily done in bright sunshine, and if any one happens to look this way at all, it is bound to be seen. Then he sends up, or rides over himself. It looks quiet enough now," he went on, turning seawards; "but you ought to be here when a south-easter is blowing. You'd think the whole point was going to carry away. On the rock, there, the spray actually dashes in your face from the sea below, eight hundred feet, as salt as salt can be. Come down and have a look."

We descended the winding stair, and went out of the lighthouse on to the smooth and nearly level plateau of rock surrounding it. The foot of the hillock on which the lighthouse stood was about twenty yards from the edge. We walked on to where the plateau grew unpleasantly narrow, with a steep slope on one side, and on the other apparently nothing.

"Come and look over here," said Starling, anxious to do the honors of the place, and lounging to the very edge of the precipice. "It's eight hundred and fourteen feet, the book says." He leaned affectionately over the horrid abyss, with his hands in his pockets, jerking his pipe up and down with his teeth. "It goes right slap down," he continued; "if I dropped this pipe out of my mouth, it would fall into the sea without touching anything. Come and look."

"Oh, all right!" I said, "I believe you. For the Lord's sake, man, take care of yourself! Supposing that rock gave way!"

"That's firm enough," he answered,

stamping hard on it with his great sea-boot, about three inches from the brink. "Come on! You aren't afraid, are you?"

"Afraid!" I answered with indignation. "I'm simply sick with fear. I wouldn't go a step nearer that beastly cliff if you offered me fifty pounds." So marked an influence had strong emotion on the classic purity of my customary speech.

Starling was visibly disappointed but too considerate to betray his contempt. "Oh well, of course," he said, "I didn't know you felt like that. You've been aloft on shipboard, haven't you, main top-gallant cross-trees, say?"

"Yes, I have been up there," I answered; "but I didn't enjoy it, and I took precious good care not to let go the shrouds. There's nothing to hold on to where you are."

"Hold on to me," said Starling.

"And drag you with me to destruction! No, thanks; three yards is near enough for me."

Just at the point where we were standing a vertical scoop, as it were, has been taken out of the promontory clean down to the base, and the cliff is absolutely precipitous. Elsewhere it slopes more or less, so that you can get up and down if you choose to try. Here, just underneath the lighthouse, you could get down with great celerity, but you couldn't get up again. The rock on the top was level, smooth, and clean.

"Lie down flat," said Starling, "if you are afraid of feeling queer, and pop your head over. You can see the gulls down there, by the water. I'll hold your legs, if you like."

He was so evidently ashamed of me that I thought it right to feign at least indifference. "Certainly," I said; "I should like to look over of course. Shall I walk to the edge and then lie down, or —"

"Oh, crawl if you prefer it," said Starling patiently.

I crawled. There are not many places in the British Empire where you can see straight down eight hundred feet, at any rate not places easy of

access. I looked over, and thought I was in the car of a balloon. The cliff was more than perpendicular; it seemed to be pitching forward; it certainly swayed. There were the gulls, little white specks, down by the sea at the base of the cliff. I could not see the upper half of it at all.

"It's nothing when you're used to it, is it?" said Starling, loosing hold of my legs.

"Oh, nothing," I agreed, crawling backward several yards and sitting up, but not too high. "I'm glad I looked over; it's a splendid precipice."

"You'll hardly believe it," said Starling gravely, kicking a pebble into space, — "George doesn't believe it, — I can hardly believe it myself, — but it's true, all the same. Our cat got killing the fowls, so I tied her up in a bag with a stone, and pitched the whole lot over here, just where I am standing now. She turned up next morning without a scratch. That is how it was. I'll take my oath on it, before a magistrate if you like; and there's no more to be said."

"George told me that story," I said, "and I believe it."

"Well, I must say I am glad to hear that," said Starling. "Let's go in now; you'd like to rest and smoke, I dare say. I shall take the early watch to-night; and if you are inclined to give me the pleasure of your company for any part of it, I shall be only too glad."

I sat up till midnight playing euchre with Starling in the lighthouse on the Cape of Storms. The wind had risen since sunset, and roared boisterously round and over the point; but no tremor shook the strong fabric of the lighthouse; and the revolving mirrors crept as smoothly and noiselessly as phantoms above our heads. This efficacy in preventing waste of light was amply demonstrated. In this lantern-chamber, visible over an area two hundred miles in circuit, we played cards by the light of a candle. I went to the plate-glass windows, and peering into the darkness through shading hands gazed at the league-long shafts of light

sweeping past as if material things, and giving an impression of stupendous momentum as they swung through the thickness of the night.

Next morning brought a sudden change. We had unanimously carried at breakfast-time a project for a general descent to the beach, down the path which Jimmy had lately invented and warranted feasible for all men. The day was then to be spent in rambling and scrambling round the base of the Cape promontory, fishing from the rocks, picnicking on the sands, with such further diversions as might prove acceptable alike to old and to young.

Starling and I stepped out to look at the sky. It was clear and calm, wind gentle and northerly, last night's southeaster fallen and left no sign. "One minute," said Starling; "there's the telegraph calling." I followed him mechanically into the office. He rapped back, and set the tape unwinding. "George, Simon's Town," he read out, "to,—I thought so—it's for you. If —you—come—take—horse—find—me—here. That's your message; here it is on the tape."

I asked Starling to inquire if George was there. The answer came, "No; written message."

"That means," I said, "that my leave is cut short; and some one from Cape Town has seen George and told him of it. This is the day for letters, isn't it, Saturday?"

"Yes," said Starling; "the postman will be here in about an hour, I expect."

"If the notice comes for me, I shall have to leave you at once I'm afraid, so as to get to Simon's Town in time for the evening train."

"Every man must do his duty," said Starling, "but I hope they'll spare you a day or two more."

The postman brought the expected summons, sure enough. So there was no more to be said, except good-bye!

They all came out on the terrace, and called after me as I walked away down the rocky path, "Good-bye, good-bye! When shall we see you again?"

I could only answer, "Some day, please God!" and hasten on my way.

Hours after I turned my horse to take a last look southward from the furthest point of vantage ere riding on to Simon's Town. That faint fire-signal was not lit by the hand of man. It was the setting sun that flashed the last farewell from the lighthouse on the Cape of Good Hope.

From *The Spectator*.

THE TENACITY OF CHILDISH ERRORS.

IT must be within the experience of almost all men to look back in utter astonishment at the quaint, not to say idiotic, mistakes they made as children in misunderstanding words and phrases that they heard in their earliest lessons. It is astonishing, moreover, how long these mistakes of intelligence hold their own, and refuse, so to say, to be reconsidered. The best illustration of this is the frequently false interpretations attached by children to the liturgies and the Scriptures from which they have received their most lasting and most useful impressions. To our childish mind the words seemed to mean something or other which no sane man would ever have taken them to mean, and when once the false idea had firmly taken root it never occurred to us to question our childish interpretation until many years later, when all of a sudden, perhaps, it dawned upon us that the compilers of our Liturgy did not write pure nonsense, and with a secret blush or an open smile we put away the childish thing for good and all. For years a certain boy in the west of England used to repeat the Lord's Prayer thus: "Our Father we chart in Heaven." He had learnt to read, but having learnt the prayer by heart before learning to read, he did not happen to study the Lord's Prayer in print until one day he perceived the words "which art," in place of the accustomed "we chart," which no doubt he imagined he had seen a hundred times. He gravely came home and informed his sister that her book,

which he had been using, had a curious misprint in every case where the Lord's Prayer occurred.

Many children, we fancy, are puzzled by "the Scripture moveth us in sundry places." The word "Sunday" for "sundry" is an easy substitution, and even if the meaning of "sundry" be known, the interpretation is not always clear. We know of a gentleman, now in the yellow leaf of life, who declares that he always understood the words to mean, "the Scripture moveth us wherever we may be, whether in London, or in the country, or at sea, in sundry places, in short, to acknowledge and confess," etc. More amusing than this is the misapprehension which a little girl once fell into of the words "A General Confession," the rubrical direction immediately following the Exhortation. She read it "A General Confusion;" and as everybody knelt down, and there was a considerable rustling of dresses and shuffling of feet at this time, she supposed it was done in the desire to obey orders. We are not sure that she did not do her best to add unnecessary noise and stir in kneeling down in order to make up for those who were indifferent and careless about their duty. A more profound mistake may be extracted from the words of the morning Collect for peace: "In knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life." In every considerable handful of churchgoers we will venture to say there is one at least who has always taken these words to mean that "our eternal life, or our life in the future world as distinct from our life here, stands revealed before God in his omniscience," "in whose knowledge—i.e., in God's knowledge—standeth our future life." Of course this implies an unscriptural view of what eternal life is; but it is not given to every one to connect the Collect directly with St. John's Gospel (xvii. 3). There are probably few, if any, Englishmen who can support a friend of the writer's in his misinterpretation of the simple response in the Litany: "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord." As a little boy he regularly understood the

choir and congregation to say: "We beseech thee to hear our school law;" and it was a matter of some concern to him that only for their own school rules was supplication made, and not for the rules of any other parish school. It did not seem quite fair.

The Psalms afford countless opportunities for blunders of interpretation; but at present we can but recall the case of one who was declaiming against the unintelligibility of them as a whole, and cited as an instance verse 14 of Psalm lxviii.: "When the Almighty scattered kings for their sake; then were they as white as snow in Salmon." "Who ever heard of snow in Salmon?" he asked indignantly; "salmon in snow one could understand, but snow inside a fish is perfectly ridiculous."

To come on to similar difficulties in the case of the Bible. Who, as a child, has not been puzzled by the presumptuous guest who took the highest room at the feast? The writer of these words always pictured to himself a lofty building with several suites of apartments, the best of which were at the top, and he supposed that each guest was allowed a whole room to himself. How the feast could have possessed any social charm under these circumstances he never knew, but that the word "room" should simply stand for "place at table" never occurred to him for years. There is a difficulty often met with in the Old Testament, arising out of the humble Eastern method by which one man speaks of himself to another man as "thy servant." Many cultivated persons, we fancy, are puzzled by Naaman's remark to Elisha after he had been cured of the leprosy. He offers the prophet gifts, which are courteously declined, and then goes on to say: "Shall there not, then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? For thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord." "Why," we asked ourselves, "should Naaman want to give Elisha's servant, Gehazi presumably, such a cumbersome present as two mules' burden of earth, just

because Elisha would accept no valuable gift? And what has such an arrangement to do with Gehazi's determination to serve the Lord henceforth? Why, indeed, should Naaman officiously trouble about Gehazi's religion at all? That should be Elisha's concern, not his." It was like the solution of a tiresome puzzle when one day it dawned upon the writer—years after it should have dawned upon him, no doubt—that if for "thy servant" you read "I" or "me," the whole passage becomes plain, except, indeed, the use of the mules' burden of earth to Naaman himself. This was, no doubt, to build an altar with. Naaman fancied that the Lord, who preferred the waters of Jordan to those of Abana and Pharpar, would likewise prefer an altar made of the soil of Israel to any other reared in the region of Damascus. A more curious, if less excusable, misinterpretation from the New Testament is worth recording. In St. Mark ii. 3, we are told that "they come unto him bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four." Not noticing the spelling of the word "borne," many members of a congregation, we believe, regularly think of this remark as containing a curious fact about the poor man's history,—he was born into the world one of four. "No wonder," they fancy, "that he was a cripple! born of four! But what an interesting graphic touch!—so like St. Mark! Probably he knew the family, and the poor mother! I wonder whether she survived?" One friend assures us that he never discovered his mistake in this particular passage until he was confronted with it in the Greek during a university examination. Among misinterpretations of popular hymns, the first case that will occur to many is that of "The Church's One Foundation," which to most thoughtless or youthful singers always stands as "The Church is One Foundation." This might suggest many a Greek or Latin parallel to the classic mind, but to us the foundation cannot

stand for the structure. Another interesting mistake gave a little girl some years ago serious difficulty.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;

were the lines that seemed to her to contain such bad teaching. "Dread the grave!" she thought, "why should I pray to dread the grave? I do not believe I ought to dread it. As to its being as little as my bed, of course it will not be larger than my bed, there is no reason why it should." Until quite lately it never occurred to the middle-aged woman that the child's interpretation of the lines was all wrong.

It is needless to add further examples of the mental indolence which accepts the childish interpretation of a phrase or word which would have caused no shadow of difficulty if noted for the first time by the mature intellect. The only question of importance to be drawn from the subject is, how far does the same mental indolence play a part in the acceptance or rejection of religious doctrine and truth? We believe that the crude ideas of childish imagination that continue to be ranked as orthodox among grown-up persons are at least as numerous as the crude or utterly false interpretations that we have mentioned above. The results of such indolence would obviously be twofold. On the one hand, narrow and unscriptural views would gain a hold over the mind and influence the character for life before they could be eradicated (if ever they could be eradicated at all); on the other hand, men would break away indignantly from a creed or a religion based upon doctrines which no sane man ever accepted, under the impression that these doctrines, which owe their existence to nothing but the reader's own infantine fancy, are the fundamental tenets of the creed which they are expected to accept. We fancy that those who look around them will see both these results at work amongst us to-day.

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